**THIS IS BASIC ENGLISH . . . . By C. K. Ogden**

S 15 '43

# THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY

VOLUME XXVI No. 37 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1943 FIFTEEN CENTS

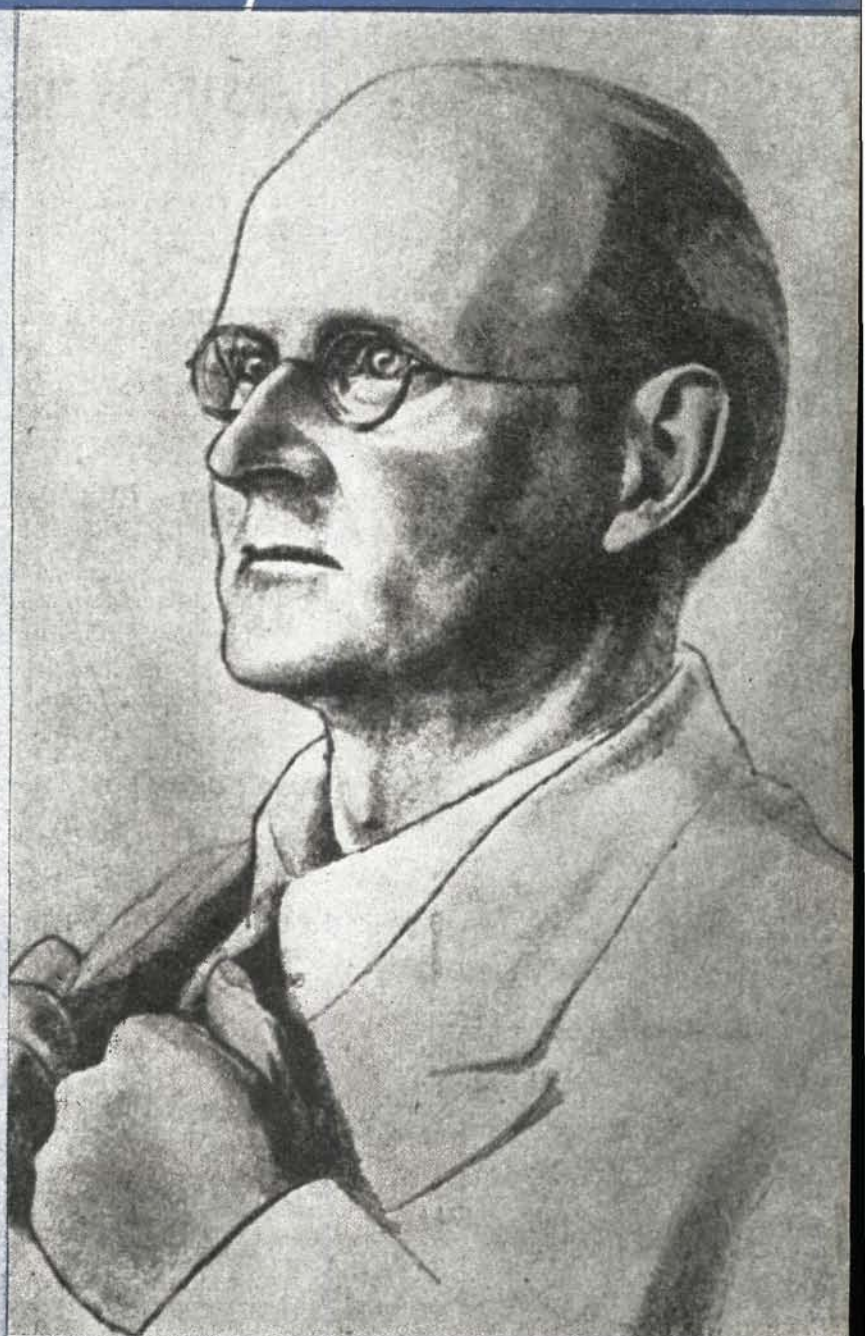

## *WHAT IS A ROMANTIC LIFE?*
by Jacques Barzun

"THE ST. JOHNS: A PARADE OF DIVERSITIES"
by Branch Cabell and A. J. Hanna
Reviewed by Clark B. Firestone

"CZECHOSLOVAKIA IN EUROPEAN HISTORY"
by S. Harrison Thomson
Reviewed by Henry Noble MacCracken

"A THRESHOLD IN THE SUN"
by Lloyd Morris
Reviewed by Melville Cane

"A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN"
by Betty Smith
Reviewed by Rosemary Dawson

—Drawing by J. Wood. Copyright, Fortune.

C. K. OGDEN, inventor of Basic English, praised by Winston Churchill as an instrument for world understanding. (See page 12)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *The Mind and Faith of*
# JUSTICE HOLMES
## By Max Lerner

"The texts of the opinions, speeches, letters and essays that make Holmes live . . . each is put into its proper setting by crisp and illuminating comment from the author."—*Washington Post*

"**JUSTICE HOLMES** put himself into his speeches and letters so fully that in his own work every facet of his personality stands revealed."—*New York Times*

"His judicial opinions are consistently interesting as law, philosophy, and literature. He was a master craftsman, precise, learned, and profound. Almost everything he wrote makes good reading."—*New York Herald Tribune*

"**MAX LERNER** is keenly sensitive. So, as a superb artist he puts together the portrait which . . . Holmes has painted of himself."—*New York Times*

"It would be difficult to find a more sympathetic or more penerating interpreter . . . there are few men whose editorial comments would have suffered so little by comparison with the text."—*Henry Steele Commager*

"There are only two living men who could have prepared this book. The other is Justice Frankfurter, to whom the book is dedicated."
—*San Francisco Chronicle*

**JUSTICE AND EDITOR.** "Holmes remained enough of a layman, and Lerner has become enough of a lawyer, for an easy meeting of minds . . . a kinship of mind, spirit, interest unites the two; they share the same delight in mating adjective and noun, the phrase that bites, the sharp edge of the art form.

"**THE BOOK** makes me wish I had never known Holmes—in order that I might here experience the joy of his acquaintance."
—Walton Hamilton, *New York Times Book Review*

## "MAX LERNER

has performed a service for American literature in

**The Mind and Faith of Justice Holmes."**
—I. F. Stone, *Nation*

**$4.00 • LITTLE, BROWN & CO.**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# This Week

## *September 11, 1943*

### Features


PAGE

WHAT IS A ROMANTIC LIFE?
By Jacques Barzun ..... 4


### Reviews


CZECHOSLOVAKIA IN EUROPEAN HISTORY
By S. Harrison Thomson
*Reviewed by Henry Noble MacCracken* 6

THE ST. JOHNS: A PARADE OF DIVERSITIES
By Branch Cabell and A. J. Hanna
*Reviewed by Clark B. Firestone* ..... 7

A THRESHOLD IN THE SUN
By Lloyd Morris
*Reviewed by Melville Cane* ..... 8

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN
By Betty Smith
*Reviewed by Rosemary Dawson* ..... 9

THE INTERPRETER
By Philip Gibbs
*Reviewed by Richard A. Cordell* ..... 9

DAYLIGHT ON SATURDAY
By J. B. Priestley
*Reviewed by Amy Loveman* ..... 10

THE FREE MAN
By Conrad Richter
*Reviewed by Bess Jones* ..... 10

BUT GENTLY DAY
By Robert Nathan
*Reviewed by Edna Lerner* ..... 11

A GARLAND OF STRAW
By Sylvia Townsend Warner
*Reviewed by Bess Jones* ..... 11

ESCAPE FROM THE BALKANS
By Michael Padev
*Reviewed by Stephen Naft* ..... 14

BALKAN FIREBRAND
By Kosto Todorov
*Reviewed by Henry B. Kranz* ..... 14

A HISTORY OF POLAND
By O. Halecki
*Reviewed by Max Nomad* ..... 18

FOR MY PEOPLE
By Margaret Walker
*Reviewed by George Zabriskie* ..... 19

BLOOD FOR THE EMPEROR
By Walter B. Clausen
*Reviewed by Frederick Gruin* ..... 20


### Departments


EDITORIAL ..... 12
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ..... 15
TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf ..... 16
LITERARY CRYPT: No. 12 ..... 18
YOUR LITERARY I.Q. ..... 19
THE CRIMINAL RECORD ..... 20
DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 494 ..... 23
DOUBLE-CROSTICS CLUB ..... 23



THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associats, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $5 a year; $6 in Canada and other countries; $4 for service men in U. S. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXVI, No. 37, September 11, 1943. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."


Copyright, 1943.

**Maurice Walsh** AUTHOR OF "THE HILL IS MINE"

writes a modern story of love, loyalty and violence in the hills of Scotland . . .

**THE SPANISH LADY**

As much a novel about a place and the daily lives of its people as it is a finely exciting tale, THE SPANISH LADY is a book of unforgettable characters and nostalgic charm. Told with the uncanny skill and insight which makes him the magical writer that he is, Maurice Walsh's latest will be one of his best-loved novels $2 50

If you eat, you'll enjoy this savory book

It is *not* a cook book, but a man's philosophical, humorous and instructive thoughts on the gentle gustatory art Many hints on the lore of food and pertinent anecdotes make this genial volume a delight even to a retired banker with dyspepsia *Illustrated.* $2.50

**THE BED-BOOK OF EATING AND DRINKING**

***By Richardson Wright***

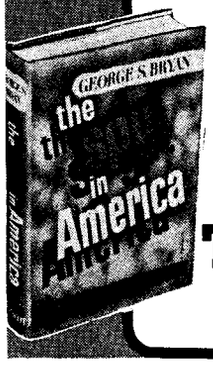
She knew what she wanted

A novel as warmly alive, as readable and authentic as *Consider the Daisies,* the author's first book. "It will hit the Achilles heel, as well as the funny bone, of all you who have known the period between sheltered school years and the period when you finally get a toe-hold in the world outside."—*Boston Globe* $2.50

**SUSAN TO YOU**

A New Novel

***By Gertrude Carrick***




"Important and Exciting"

The history of espionage in America from the Revolutionary War through World War I. "A fascinating book, better as well as stranger than cooked-up fictions, and I heartily recommend it."—Carl Van Doren, *N. Y. Herald-Tribune.* *Illustrated.* $3.00

**THE SPY IN AMERICA**

***By George S. Bryan***

**J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY • Philadelphia**





PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*The Saturday Review of Literature*

# What Is A Romantic Life?

## *The Romantic Artists Had to Struggle Against Their Environment*

JACQUES BARZUN

THE most casual reader will have noticed that whenever a romantic artist is talked or written about the facts of his life seem to outnumber and overwhelm the facts describing his work. Rarely does one find any discussion of Byron or Berlioz, for example, which does not very quickly lose itself in biographical detail. The obvious comment to make is that it is their own fault for telling us about their lives, and for being such good writers that we continue to read their memoirs and letters. Two centuries earlier, Hobbes and Boileau carefully recorded and doctored their biographical legend, but no one bothers to look it up. Once more it seems to be Rousseau who successfully showed the way with his "Confessions." In him and his fellow romanticists, it is clear that life is of considerable importance in the shaping and testing of thought. Hence as critics we must think biographically, that is, historically. But have we developed a technique for assessing the relation of life to art? I doubt it. From comments on romanticism we gather only that romantic life is part and parcel of romantic art, and that the romantic career is more disorganized than that of other men. Can this be the sole meaning of so many printed pages? Again, I doubt it.

At the outset we must confess that what we know about the career of art we have learned from the romanticists. Both socially and philosophically, they considered art an important profession, having difficulties and disadvantages of its own, which they analyzed with their usual minuteness. We are thus in a poor position to judge whether previous epochs aroused more or less daily disturbance in the breasts of its poets, painters, and musicians. Yet all that we have on this point seems to suggest a fairly uniform experience. Shakespeare's sonnets, Dante's poems, Cellini's memoirs, Poussin's letters, even the "Epistles" of Horace and the Dialogues of Plato, indicate that artistic work has requirements which do not jibe with those of a world organized exclusively for business and domestic life. So on principle we should be suspicious of any statement that the romanticists showed more oddities and led more distracted lives than their predecessors.

Besides, any comparison is imperfect which does not take into account unequal lapses of time. For example,

*—Woodcut by Jean Gabriel Daragnes, from "Five Hundred Years of Art."*

we know that Socrates was ugly and businesslike and had a shrewish wife and homosexual companions. But it was all so long ago that the vividness has gone out of these facts, leaving us a clear view of the wise man. Had he lived but a hundred years ago, every Socratic thought would be partly obscured by the figures of Xantippe and Alcibiades. It is by virtue of the gradual clearing away of neighboring detail that works of the human spirit acquire that dignity and grandeur which, confusingly enough, we also call by the name of classic. In one sense, then, the romanticists have not yet had time to become classic.

But what is a romantic life? One can perhaps shorten the answer by recalling the influence of the Napoleonic example upon the men of the romanticist generation. It is astonishing how many diverse minds of the first rank were caught in the spell of his personality. Beethoven, Goethe, Byron, Scott, Hazlitt, Stendhal, Victor Hugo, Chateaubriand, Vigny, Manzoni, Mickiewicz, Foscolo, Balzac, are a few whose opinions on the subject are copious enough to show us the depth and discrimination of their regard. Napoleon was tyrant, conqueror, and faithless usurper—this the romanticists knew and said with absolute frankness. They condemned his destruction of liberty, his mania for war, and his open contempt for morality, but they found him nevertheless an indispensable symbol. He objectified one of their sensations: they used him as a shorthand sign of what they meant by genius and energy.

FOR he was the living and historical embodiment of his own phrase: "Careers open to talent." One ought even to say "careers open to genius" since he was no common performer in administration and war. He was *extra*ordinary, and as the dominant figure of his half century he centered upon himself the gaze of all those who were pondering the nature of man's fate. As Joubert said in Bonaparte's early days, "Without him, one could not have felt enthusiasm for any living thing or power. Thanks to him, admiration has come back to rejoice the saddened earth."

Out of admiration for him grew the wider attitude that has been called the "cult of energy." In its worst aspect it could of course become mere waste motion or violence, as in Stendhal's Julien Sorel or Balzac's insatiable heroes. But we must not forget that when we speak of the romantic life we mean an ideal addressed primarily to men with the requisite balance of gifts for art or public life. If we apply the test of fruits to both these groups during the romantic period, we find that "romantic energy" is no vain phrase. Energy was not merely a cult but a fact. Whatever we may think of its products, the products are there in abundance. The labors of Scott are legendary but true, so are those of Balzac. The historical, editorial, and



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

political work of Guizot, of Gentz, of Macaulay; the threefold career of Goethe; the nine hundred canvasses of Delacroix—not counting his murals; the patience of Blake, the incredible output of Turner; the herculean activity of a Weber, Berlioz, Paganini, or Liszt in creating a musical world out of the void—all this means work if it means nothing else.

And to each man's share must be added his particular studies, avocations, and political doings, carried on as a side line to the production of plays, novels, books of verse, editions of older poets, political speeches, and a staggering mass of critical journalism.

This summary is not meant to overvalue the artistic merit of mere bulk, but to connect it on the one hand with the cult of energy, and on the other with a disputed quality of romantic life—robustness. On one occasion, Goethe is reported to have said that classicism was health and romanticism disease; and this has been repeated as a final judgment by someone who was in a good position to know. It would be interesting to go into what Goethe and Schiller meant by their own "classicism," which Goethe was contrasting at that moment with romanticism. But if we apply Goethe's own excellent test—the test of seeing whether a man's outlook paralyzes his will to create—we find a full refutation of the disease theory in the mere mass of romantic work. Chateaubriand's declaration: "I was overwhelmed with a superabundance of life," characterizes the group as a whole, and explains its labors.

AN equal test of power, but bearing on quality rather than quantity, is the situation in which Hazlitt found himself when courting a very ordinary coquette. Driven to despair by her contradictory antics, the essayist felt he had to relieve his anxieties by writing down the facts and observations which compose that remarkable document, the "Liber Amoris." Here we think we catch sight of romantic life in its most typical aspect—the aspect of unhappy love. "As usual," you say to yourself, "the infatuated romantic works the poison out of his system by dilating upon his woes, as if they were of the slightest interest to anybody else." Before you even read a line you conclude that this confession, this so-called book of love, must be time wasted on egocentric display, not to say mere slush. If your mind is made up and you do not read the book, you miss of course the singular merit of the work as a psychoanalytic report on a common situation; you assume falsely that almost anyone can make the pangs of disprized love interesting; worst of all, you assume that while undergoing them Hazlitt did nothing but brood upon himself. The truth is that at that very time he was also producing the critical essays which form the second volume of his "Table Talk," work of a quality as high as any he ever did. With respect to Hazlitt's ego, then, Goethe's test of "egotism paralyzes" gives a complete negative.

—*From the illustration by Thomas Rowlandson.*
**Dr. Syntax reading his Tour.**

This instance could be duplicated many times over from the biographies of the romanticists. It may be De Quincey at grips with opium and poverty, Balzac with his creditors, Byron and Shelley with their families and friends, Victor Hugo or Mazzini with the police—production goes on, as if the issue of a war depended upon it.

Some critics who have perceived this priority given to work over concerns that would paralyze most men have argued that the work must be "insincere" or "empty" or "a refuge." These are opinions that need supporting evidence and close examination. But we note in passing that they contradict that other critical gravamen, of a romantic disease ending in artistic paralysis.

One cause of our confusion is, as I said before, our utter lack of technical skill in assessing lives and works. We are not sufficiently aware that a biography or autobiography can hit only the high spots of a man's life, his spectacular encounters with mankind or the universe. Going from peak to peak, it does not explore the valleys where the quiet work is done, even on a day of storm and stress. We, and not the romantics, do the exaggerating. We take the entirely true statement that on a given occasion the artist was overwhelmed by a piece of news and remained distraught for six hours, and fail to compute that that leaves him eighteen in which to be himself again. We imagine, we like to imagine, we prefer to imagine the romantic artist flying feverishly from one turmoil to another, and doing his greatest work in fits of absence of mind. We construct a storybook romanticism out of incomplete observations and then attack this fiction as if its faults belonged to the reality behind it.

WE should remember that in any biography the ratio between years and pages is always misleading, and in both directions: too much and too little. When you consider that many of the best known romantics died before the age of forty, that most of them met with every kind of rebuff, and that even the temperamentally indolent or the physically disabled have left enviable memorials of their talents, you will be compelled to admit that these men, who are dubbed idlers, wastrels, and lovelorn egotists, had a remarkable knack for getting things done.

In saying that energy is a distinguishing mark of romantic living, I am not implying that a previous or a later age did not also have its herculean workers. Voltaire and Diderot were certainly giants of activity, but I believe that, apart from single instances that may occur in any time, energy as expressed in output bears some



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

relation to the cultural lie of the land. For the romantics, the French Revolution and Napoleon had, in Stendhal's phrase, made a clean slate. But this stimulation was purely spiritual. No one was waiting with open arms to receive their gifts. One has but to read the lifelong complaints of Goethe—a relatively fortunate man as well as a stoical mind—to see that the energetic life had to be lived in a dampening milieu. For the habits of individual men change at unequal rates, and when it seemed to the young Goethe or Schiller "impossible" to go on turning out literature in the manner of their predecessors, it seemed to the good burghers not only possible but desirable that it should be done.

THIS state of affairs explains why we associate the struggle of the artist against his environment with the romantic period. Excepting Scott and the historians, there was hardly one to whom fame may be said to have come without battle. The artists were often, but not always, the aggressors, because they felt it their mission to say truly what they saw. Nor were the times out of joint merely because the artist had personal complaints, but also because he had formulated standards by which to judge the world and its institutions. It may have been Liberty or Monarchy or Economic Reform, or Religion that the romanticist advocated; in every case, he banked on the fact that society could change. Under the old regime, if a Mozart rebelled against the intolerable servitude of a patron's household, all he could do was run away. In the nineteenth century, the artist starved just as much as in the eighteenth, but at least he made his grievance known, he analyzed the general conditions that made it representative, and he fought society's instinctive attempts to muzzle him. It is this rhythm of repulse and counterattack which lends to the lives of so many romanticists that defiant and assertive character which we, looking back, interpret as egotism or antisocial animus.

But as we have just seen, the issues the romanticists fought for were larger than their personal selves. They were political, social, and esthetic issues. It is in the classicist epoch, under authority, that the animus takes a personal form, that Dryden attacks Shadwell, that Racine is egged on to compete with Corneille, and Pradon set up to undo Racine. What I may therefore call the public character of romantic art—as against the coterie aspect of classicist art—accounts for a part of the confusion with which we started, the confusion between the work of a given artist and the facts of his life. But this continuity of art with life entails a disadvantage for the artist's reputation. To him his life and his work are distinct; he knows the relative importance to posterity of his temporary lack of funds and a completed symphony. But in the hands of a careless or ill-intentioned critic, the trivialities of existence can be so interlarded through the substance of criticism as to create an impression of helter-skelter, of energy indeed, but disorderly—or successful only by accident. Finding the trivialities picturesque, we assign the same value to the anecdotal and the critical, and we end by projecting a kind of precipitate of all the anecdotes upon all the artists of the era.

I have come to the sober conclusion that nine-tenths of what we call a "romantic life" in the vulgar sense is an unconscious projection of our own mental disorder, fostered by bad biography; just as in the contrary direction it is a projection of our wish

(*Continued on page 21*)

# The Story of Czechoslovakia

*CZECHOSLOVAKIA IN EUROPEAN HISTORY. By S. Harrison Thomson. Princeton: Princeton University Press.* 1943. 390 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by
HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN

THIS seems to me the best comprehensive short work on Czechoslovakia in our language. It is a piece of first-rate historical writing. It is marked throughout by political realism. Unlike most contemporary books, its title means exactly what it says. The author has chosen his line, and has remained upon it. He might have glorified the exploits of Zizka. He might have given us an essay on the famous anabasis of the Czechs in Siberia. With greater justification, he might have indulged himself in hero worship as he described the life and work of T. G. Masaryk. He has done none of these things. Treating Bohemia, Moravia, and Slovakia, as geographical units, he has described the ways of the people who live in those Estates in terms of their relation to the general current of European history. In doing so, he helps Americans to understand how Czechoslovakia came into being, and the historical reasons for his belief in its continued life.

This might be called a "federalized" book. Its various chapters are self-governing, autonomous units, related sectionally to their neighbors, but only loosely to the general theme. After a brief introduction, four chapters describe the beginnings of Czechoslovakia and its relations to the empires. Two chapters describe the development of the Germans in Czechoslovakia, whom we call "Sudetens." Two extremely valuable chapters describe the Czech literary, social, and national renaissance, and an equally helpful chapter tells of the Slovak movement. Finally, five chapters describe the struggle for independence, the building of the simple, but admirable, democracy, its increasingly complicated foreign relations, and finally the sordid tragedy of Munich, Part I and Part II.

The story of the Bohemian Germans is sympathetically treated, and religious questions are impartially presented.

Ideologically, Mr. Thomson makes clear the literary factor in the Czech national movement. Komensky, Palacky, and Masaryk; through these great writers is preserved the living soul of the people. Only Ireland, perhaps, owes so much to literature.

The reader will be grateful for the absence of geopolitics, of economic determinism, and of all other biases which beguile the historian from telling a simple story clearly and cogently. He does show, however, how the loss of the nobility and the lack of professional classes led inevitably to the deep implantation of democracy in the Czech spirit, under the presidency of the coachman's son, who wrote, "The profoundest argument for democracy is faith in man, in his worth, in his intellect, and immortal soul. This is true metaphysical equality. . . . True democracy based upon love and respect to one's fellow men, and to all that are near, is the realization of the divine order upon earth."

*—From "The Thousand Million."*

*WAR BONDS SAVE:*
BLOOD SWEAT
TEARS



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# River of Variety

*THE ST. JOHNS: A PARADE OF DIVERSITIES. By Branch Cabell and A. J. Hanna. Rivers of America Series. New York: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc.* 1943. 324 *pp., and index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CLARK B. FIRESTONE

MY own career as a writer of words which got published began with a sketch of life on the upper St. Johns—a river I had never seen—the sketch containing this sentence, "The alligator bellows by night from the gloomy fastnesses of black water." When the manager of the New York newspaper which printed it asked where I had stolen the sentence, I replied, "Nowhere; I composed it." Perhaps, however, I had been influenced by reading Lafcadio Hearn, to whose "good cheap rhetoric," this book renders a dubious tribute. Though I have written a pair of river books myself, that incident is perhaps my sole qualification for reviewing this one. Rather is it an adventure for some Man of Letters than for a mere Author (there's a difference) to undertake.

Assuming for the moment, however, an unfamiliar role, I call up a statement of Samuel Johnson's (in McGuffey's, you remember) that "Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, Pope with perpetual delight." Same here, as to Cabell and Hanna, or Hanna and Cabell, plus an interpolated phrase, "with intermittent but doubtless salutary irritation," this perhaps applicable to both. In the category of classical writing, to discharge and forget the literary side of this review, the darndest three books on the American scene which I can recall reading are respectively Irving's "Knickerbocker," Mrs. Trollope's "Domestic Manners of the Americans" and "The St. Johns," by Hanna and Cabell—who are suggestively identified on the dust jacket as "a professor of history and a great stylist." Adding a marginal note, their joint effort will please California no end.

To their everlasting credit be it said that the stream they celebrate gets a bigger play than is the case with most of the river books of the time. One learns that the St. Johns rises above Lake Okeechobee, flows due north through the middle of Florida, passes in and out of a succession of lakes, and at last turns east, reaching the Atlantic beyond Jacksonville after a journey of four hundred miles. For a generation there has been no steamboat navigation upon it for the same reason as elsewhere—the coming of railroads. But until the 1880's it was Florida's main thoroughfare, navigable for boats of considerable draft as far south as Palatka. Coastwise steamers entered it from Charleston. Deep sea boats at least turned around in it. Naval battles were fought upon its waters between Federals and Confederates. Sinister wrecking crews sallied from it. Tourist excursions up the river and its tributary Oklawaha were popular among the Northern folks. The names of two hundred vessels of all kinds have become associated with it.

For a final touch, excursion boats used to charge seventy-five cents a head to take people past the river-fronting residence, from the porch of which Harriet Beecher Stowe (called "the amanuensis of Heaven," and always referred to as "Mrs. Calvin Ellis Stowe") could be seen taking dictation from Above.

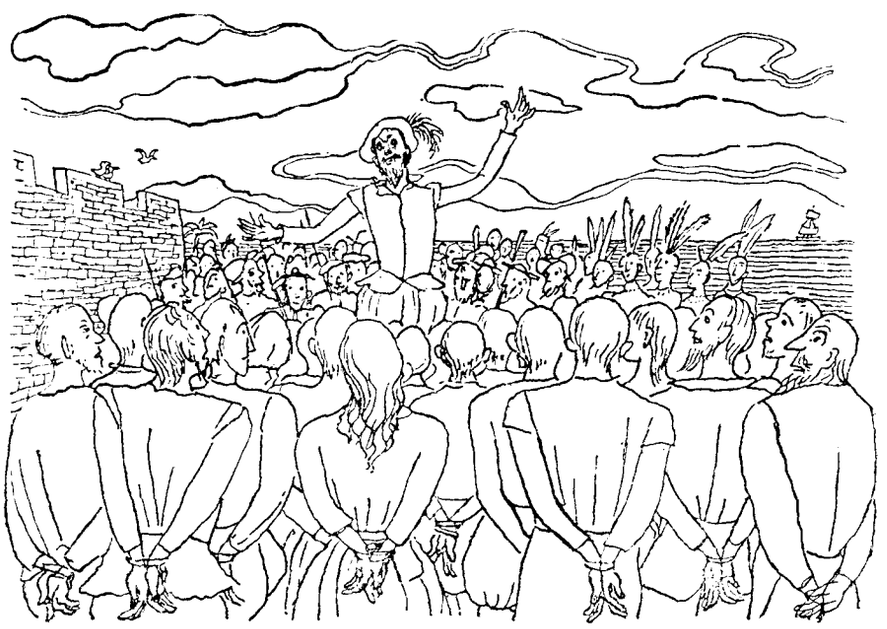
When the river made that bend to the east, it did something important, practically cutting the American mainland off from the Florida peninsula (the Po valley does the same thing in Italy) and creating, like the Po, a natural boundary line, an indicated battlefield. The Parade of Diversities along both sides of this line seems to have been largely a parade of diverse rascalities. To quote Author Hanna, a Floridian, in the Epilogue: "What nation has figured to advantage upon the banks of the St. Johns? The French, the Spaniards, and the Indians, no less than the English, have all lied and pillaged and murdered there, to an extent which was limited only by the scope of their opportunities for wrongdoing." The Americans, John Hay, Andrew Jackson and Col. Higginson, commander of a black regiment, also are credited with things charitably imputed to "climatic conditions." Apparently, however, the "pale-eyed" saints, of whom there were a few, were more trying than the assorted slavers, double-crossing politicians, and miscellaneous scoundrels, most of whom had endearing points.

Near the end, the authors of this scintillating, cynical, and singularly candid work warm up, and eulogize Florida in the noble person of Napoleon B. Broward, one of its governors. In the last chapter, however, they are at it again, the volume closing with a brisk sketch of the life of Cora of Jacksonville, a plump and pleasing harlot, more or less the wife of the author Stephen Crane. An earlier reference will edify, and perhaps enrage, Kentuckians—the parenthetical statement that John Cabell Breckenridge, flying the country after the downfall of the Confederacy, escaped to Cuba "after a brief career as a pirate." His middle name happens to be the surname of one of the authors, who probably knows what he is talking about.

**SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTICS (No. 493)**

F. HOPKINSON:
*ON PUBLIC SPEAKING*

A thorough knowledge of his subject I have laid down as the next requisite in a public speaker. It might be inconvenient to make this rule general . . . as there would be danger of silencing . . . three-fourths of the speakers in Parliaments.



*—From the book*

**A French pirate exhorts captured Spaniards to be good patriots and Christians.**



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Education of Lloyd Morris

*A THRESHOLD IN THE SUN. By Lloyd Morris. New York: Harper & Bros.* 1943. 275 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by MELVILLE CANE

THIS is a piece of civilized writing, thinking, and feeling, a notable and welcome contribution to the current languishing estate of belles lettres.

The book is many in one. In a sense a biography, it deals not so much with the facts and deeds of the author's life, but on the contrary is the chronicle of a contemporary American soul, of a pilgrimage begun in the eighteen-nineties and proceeding to the present. As such it is a not unworthy successor to the earlier quest of Henry Adams. Its chief concern is with what A. R. Orage called the meaning and aim of existence.

Again, this is a book about New York, especially the little old New York of Brander Matthews's "Vignettes of Manhattan." The Morrises suggest, though with marked differences, the status and the milieu of Clarence Day's forbears. The Morris family, well-to-do, solid citizens with a fair claim to culture, passed their city lives behind a fashionable brownstone façade in the Fifties near Park Avenue. Here young Morris spent his impressionable youth. It was a family of colorful personalities, the oldest member a great-grandparent born in 1810 when Madison was President. The wide span of years encourages the author to historic retrospect and comparison between a passing era and his own.

Grandfather had expensive tastes, collected books, fast horses, and pretty mistresses, played the market, gambled at Canfield's. He never addressed his wife directly, but through an interlocutor, usually the boy. "Kindly tell your grandmother that I have taken a box for Daly's on Saturday night. I shall be obliged if she will invite four guests to dine with us before the play. Supper will follow at Delmonico's." The boy's mother, talented and sensitive, studied art with Chase, but when grandfather found she seriously contemplated painting as a career, he put his foot down cruelly. The boy's own father worshipped business as a religion. "He had no intellectual interests, and felt the need of none, for his mind shunned the dangerous and unsettling attraction of ideas."

After a precocious childhood through close association with his elders, the boy came under the inspiring influence of Felix Adler and the Ethical Culture School. From there he entered Columbia in 1911. "Each day, traveling up to the heights by streetcar and subway, he shared the excitement of medieval predecessors who had trudged the slopes of Mont-Sainte-Genevieve."

Mr. Morris recaptures the enthusiasm of those formative years. Although MacDowell and Woodberry were no longer at the University, there were Beard, Robinson, Dewey, Erskine, Carl Van Doren, and others to challenge and quicken an eager, inquiring mind. In the portraiture of these men

**Lloyd Morris has written the chronicle of a contemporary American soul.**

and the analysis of their particular qualities and theses Morris contributes some of his shrewdest, most illuminating insights. To quote but one instance, of James Harvey Robinson, he concludes:

> There was no mistaking the dynamic quality of his mind, its mercurial agility, its apparently universal erudition, its sustained, passionate and wholly admirable curiosity. His liberalism, like his manners, was English; the curiosity and wonder which constituted the root of his philosophy were Greek; but the temper of his intelligence—evident in a love of form, symmetry, balance, style, discipline and reason—was French. The characteristic flavor of his discourse, you felt, resembled a distillation of H. G. Wells, Epicurus, and Anatole France.

At Columbia Morris developed the capactiy, far beyond that of the average undergraduate, for independent thought and judgment. He was both receptive and challenging. For him Beard's economic approach to the Constitution, useful in being provocative, seemed distorted and over-simplified. From the assorted doctrines of the giants in the department of philosophy he forged his personal eclecticism. He soon rejected the popular theory of economic determinism as a basic explanation of history, and in the process was spared the confusions and conversions which so many of his generation were later to suffer.

Interspersed throughout the volume are masterly pieces of literary criticism and appreciation of the other arts. One finds, to name but a few instances, profoundly sympathetic and just estimates of the poetry of E. A. Robinson, the mysticism of A. E., the fiction of Sinclair Lewis, the contributions of Babbitt, More, Stuart Sherman, Spingarn, Santayana, Bergson, and Croce. Equally penetrating are the judgments in the world of music and opera and the stage, to all of which Morris had been introduced in his boyhood days. One finds discriminating studies in brief compass of such diverse figures as Mary Garden, Bernhardt, Cissie Loftus, Isadora Duncan, Richard Wagner, Yvette Guilbert.

Always one notes the sure feeling for style,—the exact word, the dramatic phrase. Of Mme. Jane Harding, the French actress: she "continued to play Sardou in the grand manner, indefeasibly, as if the last gas jet had not been extinguished, and the last hansom banished." And how perfect is this sensitive appraisal of the underrated art of Cissie Loftus!

> This was not an art of pastiche, or even one of mimicry. It was impersonation of the most subtle and deceptive kind, . . . for its basis was a selectivity so unerring and flawless that nothing had been rejected or omitted. It was, in fact, an intellectual demonstration of the principle that, in art, the salient part is equivalent to the whole.

"A Threshold in the Sun," then, is a book of parts, the product of a distinguished mind and of rich sensibilities. In closing it one remembers with relish and satisfaction the warmth, the humor, and especially the unswerving search for truth and light of a personality both responsive and responsible.

---

A Literary History of the United States is now in preparation. When completed, it will be published by the Macmillan Co. in two volumes, with an extensive bibliography. The editors are Robert E. Spiller of Swarthmore, Chairman, Thomas H. Johnson, bibliographer, of the Lawrenceville School, Willard Thorp of Princeton University, and Henry Seidel Canby of *The Saturday Review of Literature*. Associate editors are Stanley T. Williams of Yale, Howard Mumford Jones of Harvard, and Dixon Wecter of the University of California. There will be numerous contributors.

At the New School of Social Research in New York, there will be offered this year a two-semester course by the editors and associate editors of the history. In this course, the chief American writers and most important movements in American literary history will be studied and discussed in a weekly series.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Charm of Betty Smith

*A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN. By Betty Smith. New York: Harper & Bros.* 1943. 438 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY DAWSON

THIS story of Francie Nolan and her childhood in the slums of Williamsburg, Brooklyn, has the charm of accurately remembered details, set down simply and with feeling. Francie knows the rag-picker and the saloon keeper, she knows what it feels like to be hungry and never have quite enough to eat, to be cold and never have enough to wear. And the reader, along with Francie, begins to deplore Johnny Nolan's drunkenness, to love Aunt Sissy, and to suffer through Francie's first days at the overcrowded public school.

Betty Smith has remembered well. She has set down even the smallest of childhood's joys and sorrows, and more—she has given them the emphasis of childhood. And so we find that the actual physical discomfort of life at the Nolan's fades into the background and the thrill of learning to read or the hatred of the schoolteacher become all-important. As long as the book moves with the rhythm of life in Williamsburg and remains true to that setting it is a beautiful and moving piece of work.

But toward the end of the novel the rhythm is broken. As soon as Francie is out in the world, getting a job and finding the first love of her life, the novel takes on more of the mechanics of the usual popular piece of fiction and becomes less real. This is due in the most part to the sudden crowding of events in the last third of the story. The first two-thirds of the book show Francie and her relatives and friends working out their relationships with the world. What interests the reader is what Francie is going to make of the experiences which open up to her. It is not important that Francie's mother has another baby—what *is* important is the stage of Francie's growth— her feeling of being adult and the master of the crisis, and then the lonely, little-girl feeling of being left out while the grownups take charge. Even with the other characters this is true. We are not so much worried about the state of Aunt Sissy's morals as we are about whether or not she can achieve her major triumph in adopting a baby and making everyone believe it is actually her own. It's Aunt Sissy's own endeavors which are thrilling and her attitude toward the things which make up her world.

And so it is a disappointment to find at the end that things are solved for the Nolans not through their own efforts, but by the intrusion of a perfectly pleasant and affable stranger who plans to marry Katie Nolan and to adopt Francie and the other children, to give them college educations and all the advantages. This is not what the reader wants for the Nolans; it is not true enough to the promise of the book. Because, after all, families like the Nolans still exist in Brooklyn, and since the book has a universal attitude toward life and childhood in the beginning—a sort of common denominator made up of remembered, true experiences—it should carry this attitude to the end. It should show a way out for the families of the slums —or the lack of a way out—with the same truthfulness that it showed slum life while the family was living it.

However, there are beautiful passages in the book, and on the whole it is a moving, tender, and fine piece of work.

**Betty Smith has the charm of accurately remembered details.**

# American Schisms

*THE INTERPRETER. By Philip Gibbs. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co.* 1943. 296 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

ONE would expect from so competent a novelist as Philip Gibbs a better epilogue to his background-of-war series of novels than "The Interpreter." Over "This Nettle, Danger," "Broken Pledges," etc., there broods a sense of impending doom: the books are heavy with ominous warnings of a storm about to break, but as we read these topical novels in the late nineteen thirties we shared the characters' and the author's uncertainties. Since "The Interpreter" is concerned with the furious battle between the isolationists and the interventionists in the United States during the summer and autumn of 1941, and since the style and tempo are brisk and journalistic, one has the feeling at times that he is rereading last year's magazines in his dentist's waiting room; there is no suspense, for we know that on December 7 the isolationists will be driven under cover until they are able to devise an entirely new vocabulary to describe their old philosophy and hatreds.

Unfortunately the whole story turns on a fantastic improbability: John Barton, "prince of special correspondents and radio commentators," is called back from London, where he has broadcast moving accounts of the Battle of Britain, by President Roosevelt himself to preach interventionism to Americans. Barton lectures in all sections of the country but is compelled to realize that over ninety-nine per cent of the cause of the temporary defeat of isolationism is due to Japanese bombs at Pearl Harbor. The book is less a novel than a tract, less a tract than a debate, for the British author tries to be fair in presenting what to him are the repugnant notions of isolationists, fascists, and Anglophobes. Readers will suspect that the novelist has only a faint interest in the narrative itself.

Philip Gibbs always has an uncanny sense of immediacy, an ability to interpret the present accurately without benefit of perspective. His analysis of the American temper of 1941-42 is undoubtedly correct, and he writes of America and Americans with as much authority as he writes of his homeland. He catches, too, the accents of American speech (with only an occasional lapse, as when he uses the British "right" for "all right"). There is some good-natured satire directed at both American and British idiosyncrasies and manners. (Especially delightful is the account of a radio interview with Barton in which the interviewer repeatedly interrupts the serious questions and answers to implore the radio audience to buy Mother Hubbard's Snowflake Soap.) In spite of some vivid pictures of London under air war, of neutral Lisbon and New York, and of peaceful, lovely Surrey, and in spite of a number of well told incidents, "The Interpreter" is frankly a piece of propaganda (slightly in retrospect) and a second-rate novel.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Working Drama

*DAYLIGHT ON SATURDAY. By J. B. Priestley. New York: Harper & Bros.* 1943. 280 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

THE war has deepened and widened Mr. Priestley's sympathies and correspondingly enhanced his writing. This is an excellent book, eloquent in its portrayal of British industrial workers at their war-time task, warm in its delineation of human nature, convincing in its psychology and motivation. It goes without saying that Mr. Priestley knows how to tell a story; he never was better at it, even in "The Good Companions," than in this novel which plays entirely within the confines of a British war factory and which hardly has a hero or heroine, or perhaps has several, or perhaps might be considered as taking the war and the war effort for hero. Personalities emerge and become vital and real and interesting and the cross-currents of their work and their relationships take on absorbing character, but the whole is greater here than any of its parts and it is the entire group of characters and their unceasing labor and the contribution they are making to Britain's cause and the way in which their loves and sorrows and ambitions are drawn into a common devotion that gives its stirring character to the book.

Not that it is not full of persons and incidents that are engrossing; it is, and the reader becomes completely absorbed in them, in the wise and humane Mr. Cheviot who has so won the love and admiration of his employees and who knows so well how to compose their difficulties and their rivalries, in Elrick with his lusty vigor, his choleric temper, his sturdy, unyielding honesty, and his magnificent devotion, in Blandford, representative of the Old School tie, narrow, cold, ambitious but no less genuine in his patriotism and concentration on his job than Elrick with whom he is in constant conflict, in Angleby, the young engineer sprung from the people who carries off the aristocratic and scornful secretary in the end, and in a host of others each of whom is sharply individualized and all of whom are instinct with life. Mr. Priestley is interested in them all and sympathizes with them all and lets them all explain themselves.

There are flaws, obvious ones in the book—an entire episode which is melodramatic and unnecessary and quite unconvincing—and much of its impact, of course, derives from the pertinence of its material. But Mr. Priestley has much to say (he let's his characters say it), on the war, and on the morale

**J. B. Priestley**

**Conrad Richter**

of workers who inevitably slacken their efforts as the imminence of danger recedes, on post-war England, and on the reshuffling of classes (there is a highly interesting discussion of how the classes which now hold power will retain or rewin it), and there is a picture of little men and women at work which is vital and realistic.

Mr. Priestley is, as in "The Good Companions," Dickensesque in his projection of character and in the number of figures who throng his canvas. He is also vividly the man of the present, stirred by war-time England, recognizing in its magnificence the temper of the simple folk but not sentimentalizing them, and able, too, to give his meed to the man higher up. A good story and an inspiriting one.

# Pa. Dutch Colony

*THE FREE MAN. By Conrad Richter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* 1943. 147 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by BESS JONES

THIS is another one of those tales that starts extremely well and ends up as a Hollywood costume piece. The material is fresh, the spirit in every respect excellent, the style unpretentious and readable. Mr. Richter explores that portion of the early American background which takes in the Pennsylvania Dutch group, a people, to judge by this narrative, inherently independent and liberty-loving and therefore both adapted to and leaders in the movement toward freedom on this continent. His account of the voyage to this country, the cruel treatment of the helpless, non-English speaking immigrants, and the wicked exploitation of them after their arrival under the indenturing system, could hardly be improved. But when the imperious paper doll named Miss Amity enters the scene the veracity falls off, and then the stage acting begins.

The story is built around the arrival in the Pennsylvania colony of Henner Decker, who is illegally indentured to the rich Bayley household in Philadelphia, where the whims of the haughty Miss Amity subject him to humiliations hardly bearable to so proud a youth, and from which he eventually escapes, only to return much later and pay her off in a manner neither of them had expected, though the reader could guess the outcome from the very beginning. It is admirable at this juncture in our affairs to recall the American past and to call to the attention of the nativists that more than one fine and sturdy strain has gone into the making of our freedoms and our spirit, but it is a pity to diminish the subject by theatrical devices and characterization that hardly amount to more than the most obvious type casting.

# To a Light-Hearted Friend

By Witter Bynner

YOU are of air, my boy,
No earth connects with you.
Yet you've a flower's own core of joy
For life to enter through.

And lightly I commend
Your free and easy wing,
Also its element, my friend.
Earth is a heavy thing.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Excursion in Time

*BUT GENTLY DAY. By Robert Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.* 1943. 161 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by EDNA LERNER

ROBERT NATHAN'S latest novel, "But Gently Day," shows a continuing interest in the problem of love and time which absorbed him in "Portrait of Jenny." In the earlier book the present was invaded by the past; here a young man about to die is moved backward three generations. But the effect is similar. We get the same sense of skewed time values, the same timeless perspective.

The story concerns Henry Arkbester, a U. S. corporal bound home on furlough, whose plane crashes not far from the site of his father's farm. But when Henry and an Army chaplain whom he has met on the way arrive at the farm they are greeted, not by Henry's parents, but by the great-grandparents he has never seen. During the weeks they pass at the farm Henry has time to love and lose the girl who will some day be his grandmother, and to get an idea of the personal and social problems which beset his great-grandfather's generation.

With the wisdom that three generations of hindsight can give even the most ordinary young man, Henry sees how ephemeral some of these problems are. He knows that it is useless to fight the coming industrialism, that the wounds left by the Civil War will eventually heal, that each generation has its own special bitterness toward government and the Administration.

But there remain problems that Henry cannot unravel, even with the help of the chaplain who serves as a sort of Greek chorus underscoring meanings for reader and character alike. One of them is the strange sense of love beyond time which Henry feels for his grandfather's fiancee, Eileen. Some readers will share his bewilderment. For it is difficult at best to take seriously the suggestion that Henry's grandmother will be reincarnated three generations later in his fiancee. And it is particularly difficult to relate a love of such classic proportions to the very ordinary young woman who is supposed to share it. For Eileen is not cast in a heroic mold, and in the end she gives up Henry for a house, a sewing machine, and the chance of some day owning a marble-topped washstand.

Mr. Nathan's excursion in time has the unpretentious charm which his readers have come to love. If it never achieves the magic and suggestiveness of that great sortie into the past—Henry James's "Sense of the Past"—it manages also to avoid the sentimentalisms of John L. Balderston's "Berkeley Square." The story is told with a gentle matter-of-factness that lulls one's critical sense. For those who may balk at taking it literally, an easy out is provided by the plane crash and Henry's recollection of reading somewhere that after death the brain goes on dreaming for a little while.

Mr. Nathan has combined the trivial and the philosophic in such a way as to hint at profundity while sometimes achieving only a blurring of outlines. If he is clear about what he wanted to say on love and time he has not managed to convey it clearly. And the essential whimsy of the central idea is too elaborate to carry the rather stereotyped notion that each generation has its own hopes and fears, that somehow we do survive war and social revolution and personal catastrophe, and that the tragedies that come are never the ones we have worn our lives out waiting for.

—*John Mills Jr.*

**Robert Nathan**

# The Right Notes of Sylvia Warner

*A GARLAND OF STRAW. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. New York: The Viking Press.* 1943. 252 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BESS JONES

COMPARED with that of writers who imagine they must keep their names before the public, whether or not there is good reason for it, Miss Warner's output is regrettably slim. And even when she does bless us with her far too widely separated books, she seems to say, not grudgingly at all, but simply because she knows what is best for her herself and for us, so much and no more.

The newest volume is a collection of twenty-eight stories that create almost as many moods. For the most part she gives her cosmic muse full play, but in some of these pieces she cuts up the dully respectable, the foolish, the pretentious, and the literal-minded into the merest slivers. Those conveying the sense of things lost, the deep wickedness of cruelty, and the unforgivable blindness of the uncomprehending, lose none of their point for all the lightly ironic tone of the telling. Miss Warner pays her readers the supreme compliment of assuming that they will understand her meaning, and that they will not read meanings into what is merely humorous or gently askew.

It is difficult to name the best in this collection because each in its way is different from the rest. "Apprentice" is perhaps the bitterest to take, for the apprenticeship is of a little girl to the mastery of the technique of torture. "Plutarco Roo" is one of the most delightful, "the story of an artist who preserved his ideals and found a steady market for them," and particularly worth telling because, as the author truly says, "the world is singularly bare of stories which have both a happy and a moral ending." "The Song of Songs" clamors to be read aloud. It is about a tenor whose voice gets mixed up with a cat's and how it gets unmixed again. "Who's the bass?" this practical-minded artist asks when invited to sing Solomon in the new oratorio. "There isn't any bass," the soprano answers. "Just you and I. I'm the Beloved. And the Amateur Ladies, of course, mostly humming with their mouths shut. It's one of those modern things."

"The Trumpet Shall Sound," aside from showing how hard it is to maintain a family feud of long standing at a funeral, especially when an air attack almost buries everybody but the corpse, contains some of the funniest dialogue since Dickens, and at least one epigram to arrest the onward marching attention of the modern woman: "If you'd got to be a woman it was better to be an old-fashioned woman, with plenty of work to keep your mind off it."

"With the Nationalists," "A Functionary," and "The Red Carnation" leave sharp teeth marks in the thinning flesh of a sick world, but even on grim subjects she is never grim. She always strikes the right note.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature
BOARD OF EDITORS
Norman Cousins
Editor
Henry Seidel Canby } Associate
Amy Loveman } Editors
William Rose Benét } Contributing
Bennett Cerf } Editors
Harrison Smith
President
Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

# BASIC ENGLISH

*Editor's Note: In his address at Harvard University on Monday, September 6, Prime Minister Winston Churchill spoke of the English language as the foundation for a common citizenship between America and Great Britain. He paid particular tribute to Basic English, as a "carefully wrought plan" for an international language, calling attention to the pioneer work of I. A. Richards,* of Harvard, and C. K. Ogden, of Cambridge.*

*Because of the special interest in this subject, the following article by C. K. Ogden is reprinted from* The Saturday Review *of July 20, 1929. It represented the first comprehensive account in America of the proposal to reduce the English language to fewer than 1,000 words, as a possible basis for an International Language.*

WHEN Henry James remarked that the American people were romping amid the ruins of the English language he left it an open question whether they were there to destroy or to fulfill. From the psychological point of view, at any rate, a linguistic romp is a highly creditable performance. The antic haverings of a pedantic pedestrianism in quest of Pure English are rapidly producing a new form of Addison's disease—for Addison was the first to complain that "the late war has adulterated our tongue with strange words."

But if we are agreed that they are ruins, the case for a newer edifice is all the stronger; and those of us who are both conservatives and sentimentalists will prefer to build on the old site. We may even be able to preserve some of the old bricks, so that our children's children may say, "This was known to Webster," or "Here Mencken fought and won." And here lies the strength of Basic English—a scientific attempt to select the most fundamental words in the current language to form a practical auxiliary language for all nations.

From one standpoint, that of science and of writers like James Joyce, the 500,000 words of the lexicologist are too few; from another, that of the occidentalizing oriental, the 10,000 words of the man in the street are too many. The former needs more and merrier, the latter, simpler and slicker. If so, English will become not only the International Auxiliary language, but the Universal language of the future.

To have succeeded in getting on the back of a sheet of notepaper, in legible form, all the words actually needed to communicate idiomatically most of the requirements of international correspondence, science, and commerce, is the claim of those who have spent a decade in compiling the vocabulary here printed.

TO read an ordinary issue of *The Saturday Review* with profit, a vocabulary of over 50,000 words is implied. Actually, many readers get along with 25,000 or less. A conscientious foreigner is apt to have to memorize about 15,000 by way of insurance, before he can understand a particular 1,000 even if he will never have occasion to speak or write English himself. Let us suppose that this requires two years' hard labor—the problem of an Auxiliary Language is to reduce his labor to two months.

The artificial languages which contrive, with varying degrees of plausibility, to make this claim, cannot as yet attain this minimum, are all based on a limited group of languages, quite unfamiliar in type to millions of orientals who must chiefly be kept in view, and have not yet studied the problem of simplification systematically.

Moreover, when learned, an artificial language still awaits a millenium in which conversion shall cease to be confined to a few thousand enthusiasts; and here the importance of accurate statistics is once more apparent. It is often stated that English is the language of 250,000,000 people, and this figure is then compared with the figures for French, German, Spanish, etc., with the implication that it would be invidious to be influenced by so small a lead, when the tide of national prejudice is running so high. Actually, however, English is the expanding administrative (or auxiliary) language of over 500,000,000 people, and financial reasons alone should convince even those who resent the fact that it is bound to expand even more rapidly in the near future.

It is impossible to do more than indicate the five main principles for which novelty may be claimed, in the sense that their application has made so radical a reduction feasible. They are the elimination of verbs, the analysis of the thirteen operators and twenty-one directives which replace them in universal grammar, the use of panoptic conjugations in systematic definition, the projectional and interpretation of emotive adjectives, and the development of Bentham's theory of Fictions in the treatment of metaphor.

The Basic vocabulary—composed of 850 words—is, of course, supplemented by grammatical rules, reduced to a

## WINSTON CHURCHILL ON BASIC ENGLISH

THE great Bismarck—for there were once great men in Germany—is said to have observed toward the close of his life that the most potent factor in human society at the end of the nineteenth century was the fact that the British and American peoples spoke the same language. . . .

I like to think of British and Americans moving about freely over each other's wide estates with hardly a sense of being foreigners to one another. But I do not see why we should not try to spread our common language even more widely throughout the globe, and without seeking selfish advantage over any, possess ourselves of this invaluable amenity and birthright.

Some months ago I persuaded the British Cabinet to set up a committee of ministers to study and report upon Basic English. Here you have a plan—there are others—but here you have a very carefully wrought plan for an international language capable of very wide transactions of practical business and of interchange of ideas. The whole of it is comprised in about 650 nouns and 200 verbs or other parts of speech, no more, indeed, than can be written on one side of a single sheet of paper.

What was my delight when the other evening quite unexpectedly I heard the President of the United States suddenly speak of the merits of Basic English. And is it not a coincidence that with all this in mind I should arrive at Harvard in fulfillment of the long-dated invitation to receive this degree with which President Conant has honored me? Because Harvard has done more than any other American university to promote the extension of Basic English.

The first work on Basic English was written by two Englishmen, Ivor Richards, now of Harvard—of this university—and Ogden of Cambridge University, England, working in association. The Harvard Commission on English Language Studies is distinguished both for its research and practical work, particularly in introducing the use of Basic English in Latin America, and this commission, your commission, is now, I am told, working with the secondary school in Boston on the use of Basic English in teaching the main language to American children and in teaching it to foreigners preparing for citizenship.

**Basic English and Its Uses. By Ivor Richards. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1943. 143 pp. $2.*



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

minimum. These will cover both the conjugates of such words as have more than one form (primarily operators and pronouns) and also the uniform formation of various derivatives from 300 of the names. Word-order is explained by a special educational device (the Panopticon) illustrating the essential parts of speech and their relations to one another, by a series of concentric circles on which the words are printed.

It is obvious that no foreigner could attempt to work the system without the rules designed to eliminate irregularity and ambiguity and to maximize the range of the vocabulary. The English reader, however, can try his hand at translation without the limitations designed to aid and restrain the foreigner.

C. K. OGDEN.

## THE 850 WORDS IN BASIC ENGLISH

### OPERATIONS — 100

Come
Get
Give
Go
Keep
Let
Make
Put
Seem
Take
Be
Do
Have
Say
See
Send
May
Will
About
Across
After
Against
Among
At
Before
Between
By
Down
From
In
Off
On
Over
Through
To
Under
Up
With
As
For
Of
Till
Than
A
The
All
Any
Every
No
Other
Some
Such
That
This
I
He
You
Who
And
Because
But
Or
If
Though
While
How
When
Where
Why
Again
Ever
Far
Forward
Here
Near
Now
Out
Still
Then
There
Together
Well
Almost
Enough
Even
Little
Much
Not
Only
Quite
So
Very
Tomorrow
Yesterday
North
South
East
West
Please
Yes

### THINGS

#### 400 General

Account
Act
Addition
Adjustment
Advertisement
Agreement
Air
Amount
Amusement
Animal
Answer
Apparatus
Approval
Argument
Art
Attack
Attempt
Attention
Attraction
Authority
Back
Balance
Base
Behavior
Belief
Birth
Bit
Bite
Blood
Blow
Body
Brass
Bread
Breath
Brother
Building
Burn
Burst
Business
Butter
Canvas
Care
Cause
Chalk
Chance
Change
Cloth
Coal
Color
Comfort
Committee
Company
Comparison
Competition
Condition
Connection
Control
Cook
Copper
Copy
Cork
Cotton
Cough
Country
Cover
Crack
Credit
Crime
Crush
Cry
Current
Curve
Damage
Danger
Daughter
Day
Death
Debt
Decision
Degree
Design
Desire
Destruction
Detail
Development
Digestion
Direction
Discovery
Discussion
Disease
Disgust
Distance
Distribution
Division
Doubt
Drink
Driving
Dust
Earth
Edge
Education
Effect
End
Error
Event
Example
Exchange
Existence
Expansion
Experience
Expert
Fact
Fall
Family
Father
Fear
Feeling
Fiction
Field
Fight
Fire
Flame
Flight
Flower
Fold
Food
Force
Form
Friend
Front
Fruit
Glass
Gold
Government
Grain
Grass
Grip
Group
Growth
Guide
Harbor
Harmony
Hate
Hearing
Heat
Help
History
Hole
Hope
Hour
Humor
Ice
Idea
Impulse
Increase
Industry
Ink
Insect
Instrument
Insurance
Interest
Invention
Iron
Jelly
Join
Journey
Judge
Jump
Kick
Kiss
Knowledge
Land
Language
Laugh
Law
Lead
Learning
Leather
Letter
Level
Lift
Light
Limit
Linen
Liquid
List
Look
Loss
Love
Machine
Man
Manager
Mark
Market
Mass
Meal
Measure
Meat
Meeting
Memory
Metal
Middle
Milk
Mind
Mine
Minute
Mist
Money
Month
Morning
Mother
Motion
Mountain
Move
Music
Name
Nation
Need
News
Night
Noise
Note
Number
Observation
Offer
Oil
Operation
Opinion
Order
Organization
Ornament
Owner
Page
Pain
Paint
Paper
Part
Paste
Payment
Peace
Person
Place
Plant
Play
Pleasure
Point
Poison
Polish
Porter
Position
Powder
Power
Price
Print
Process
Produce
Profit
Property
Prose
Protest
Pull
Punishment
Purpose
Push
Quality
Question
Rain
Range
Rate
Ray
Reaction
Reading
Reason
Record
Regret
Relation
Religion
Representative
Request
Respect
Rest
Reward
Rhythm
Rice
River
Road
Roll
Room
Rub
Rule
Run
Salt
Sand
Scale
Science
Sea
Seat
Secretary
Selection
Self
Sense
Servant
Sex
Shade
Shake
Shame
Shock
Side
Sign
Silk
Silver
Sister
Size
Sky
Sleep
Slip
Slope
Smash
Smell
Smile
Smoke
Sneeze
Snow
Soap
Society
Son
Song
Sort
Sound
Soup
Space
Stage
Start
Statement
Steam
Steel
Step
Stitch
Stone
Stop
Story
Stretch
Structure
Substance
Sugar
Suggestion
Summer
Support
Surprise
Swim
System
Talk
Taste
Tax
Teaching
Tendency
Test
Theory
Thing
Thought
Thunder
Time
Tin
Top
Touch
Trade
Transport
Trick
Trouble
Turn
Twist
Unit
Use
Value
Verse
Vessel
View
Voice
Walk
War
Wash
Waste
Water
Wave
Wax
Way
Weather
Week
Weight
Wind
Wine
Winter
Woman
Wood
Wool
Word
Work
Wound
Writing
Year

#### 200 Picturable

Angle
Ant
Apple
Arch
Arm
Army
Baby
Bag
Ball
Band
Basin
Basket
Bath
Bed
Bee
Bell
Berry
Bird
Blade
Board
Boat
Bone
Book
Boot
Bottle
Box
Boy
Brain
Brake
Branch
Brick
Bridge
Brush
Bucket
Bulb
Button
Cake
Camera
Card
Cart
Carriage
Cat
Chain
Cheese
Chest
Chin
Church
Circle
Clock
Cloud
Coat
Collar
Comb
Cord
Cow
Cup
Curtain
Cushion
Dog
Door
Drain
Drawer
Dress
Drop
Ear
Egg
Engine
Eye
Face
Farm
Feather
Finger
Fish
Flag
Floor
Fly
Foot
Fork
Fowl
Frame
Garden
Girl
Glove
Goat
Gun
Hair
Hammer
Hand
Hat
Head
Heart
Hook
Horn
Horse
Hospital
House
Island
Jewel
Kettle
Key
Knee
Knife
Knot
Leaf
Leg
Library
Line
Lip
Lock
Map
Match
Monkey
Moon
Mouth
Muscle
Nail
Neck
Needle
Nerve
Net
Nose
Nut
Office
Orange
Oven
Parcel
Pen
Pencil
Picture
Pig
Pin
Pipe
Plane
Plate
Plough
Pocket
Pot
Potato
Prison
Pump
Rail
Rat
Receipt
Ring
Rod
Roof
Root
Sail
School
Scissors
Screw
Seed
Sheep
Shelf
Ship
Shirt
Shoe
Skin
Skirt
Snake
Sock
Spade
Sponge
Spoon
Spring
Square
Stamp
Star
Station
Stem
Stick
Stocking
Stomach
Store
Street
Sun
Table
Tail
Thread
Throat
Thumb
Ticket
Toe
Tongue
Tooth
Town
Train
Tray
Tree
Trousers
Umbrella
Wall
Watch
Wheel
Whip
Whistle
Window
Wing
Wire
Worm

### QUALITIES

#### 100 General

Able
Acid
Angry
Automatic
Beautiful
Black
Boiling
Bright
Broken
Brown
Cheap
Chemical
Chief
Clean
Clear
Common
Complex
Conscious
Cut
Deep
Dependent
Early
Elastic
Electric
Equal
Fat
Fertile
First
Fixed
Flat
Free
Frequent
Full
General
Good
Great
Grey
Hanging
Happy
Hard
Healthy
High
Hollow
Important
Kind
Like
Living
Long
Male
Married
Material
Medical
Military
Natural
Necessary
New
Normal
Open
Parallel
Past
Physical
Political
Poor
Possible
Present
Private
Probable
Quick
Quiet
Ready
Red
Regular
Responsible
Right
Round
Same
Second
Separate
Serious
Sharp
Smooth
Sticky
Stiff
Straight
Strong
Sudden
Sweet
Tall
Thick
Tight
Tired
True
Violent
Waiting
Warm
Wet
Wide
Wise
Yellow
Young

#### 50 Opposites

Awake
Bad
Bent
Bitter
Blue
Certain
Cold
Complete
Cruel
Dark
Dead
Dear
Delicate
Different
Dirty
Dry
False
Feeble
Female
Foolish
Future
Green
Ill
Last
Late
Left
Loose
Loud
Low
Mixed
Narrow
Old
Opposite
Public
Rough
Sad
Safe
Secret
Short
Shut
Simple
Slow
Small
Soft
Solid
Special
Strange
Thin



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Fuse in a Powder Keg

*ESCAPE FROM THE BALKANS. By Michael Padev. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.* 1943. 311 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by STEPHEN NAFT

THE Balkans will, very probably, be next on the agenda of the Anglo-American forces. So the book of Michael Padev, a Bulgarian journalist who was the Sofia correspondent of *The London Times*, might find readers among many who otherwise would not pick up a book on that subject. Most Americans know about this region from hearsay only, and from occasional newspaper reports concerning the traditional routine of periodical assassination of Balkan kings. In this country, many of those who were not particularly interested in European affairs have forgotten that the previous World War started in the Balkans by Austria's invasion of Serbia, and that the beginning of the end of Hohenzollern Germany also started in the Balkans, when Bulgaria was first to desert its German ally, and sued for peace in the spring of 1918.

Padev's book is a pleasantly readable mixture of narratives of torture and hangings of editors of opposition newspapers; of the thrilling escape of the author after duping, in true Hollywood fashion, the Bulgarian police and the ubiquitous Gestapo; of the detailed relation of such interesting episodes as the famous case when our Minister to Bulgaria, after being insulted in a restaurant in Sofia by a Gestapo officer, smashed his head with a champagne bottle; examples of the tremendous influence of the Germans before the invasion and conquest of these countries; and a good analysis of the general political situation in the Balkans.

He recalls the well-known fact that almost the whole Bulgarian people is democratic and traditionally pro-Russian, regardless of the country's regime, because it was Czarist Russia to which it owes its independence from Turkey, but that the British and American legations neglected to utilize this general attitude of the people. There is no aristocracy or nobility in Bulgaria because all descend from people who, only two or three generations ago, were oppressed peasants under Turkish rule. The "society" of Bulgaria are the writers, professors, journalists, scientists, who represent the liberal opinion of the people. But even the most prosperous of these do not earn as much as the equivalent of one hundred dollars per month. They were, of course, never invited to the legations. Invited were only men connected with the pro-Nazi governments and the pro-Fascist militarists, the crust formed by enriched crooks and unscrupulous politicians who came to power by gangster methods, and from them our diplomats tried to find out, according to Padev, the truth about Bulgaria.

Padev sees the greatest misfortune of the Balkan peoples in the persistence of their leaders and rulers in maintaining separate states with trade barriers and perpetually hostile armies, always ready to invade each other's country. But in all these countries in which the "separation of the people from the state" reached the highest degree, where the higher state functionaries consider that they are responsible only to themselves, the peoples are and were opposed to their authoritarian and semi-totalitarian governments, whether it was Carol of Rumania, Boris of Bulgaria, Metaxas of Greece, or Paul and Stoyadinovitch of Yugoslavia. Padev sees the only solution in a Pan-Balkan federation of free peoples, after the removal of their ruling dynasties. Just as Switzerland in spite of geographical barriers and linguistic differences is able to present to the world a united free nation, so could a federated republic of Balkan peoples insure the peace and prosperity of that troublesome region.

# Entry to Balkan Intrigue

*BALKAN FIREBRAND. The Autobiography of a Rebel, Soldier and Statesman. By Kosto Todorov. New York: Ziff Davis Publishing Co.* 1943. 340 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

KOSTA TODOROV, Bulgarian terrorist, soldier, and diplomat, has a remarkable story to tell. It reads like an adventure and spy novel spattered with shootings, assassinations, beautiful women on political missions, plots, and counterplots. But it is the story of a man who fought all his life for freedom.

At sixteen Kosta Todorov ran away from home to join a Macedonian guerilla band. At seventeen he joined a terrorist brigade of the Russian Social Revolutionary Party. He spent seven years in a Russian prison and returned to Bulgaria to fight there for the oppressed peasants and against a pro-German King. He joined the French Foreign Legion in World War I, and carried the Allied peace terms through the German lines to Bulgaria. He was arrested and spent two more years in prison. He became a follower of Stamboliski, the head of the Bulgarian Peasant Party, and prepared a revolution in Bulgaria.

Frequently Mr. Todorov had a price on his head. Even when he became Minister of Bulgaria to Yugoslavia and delegate to the League of Nations, he carried a revolver which he often had to use. He was an idealist. But he knew that political life in the Balkans meant war twenty-four hours a day. In Bulgaria almost every political figure of his time was assassinated, at home or in exile.

Mr. Todorov escaped. When Stamboliski's democratic government was overthrown in 1923, he went into exile.

From then on he became an even more violent fighter against fascism, against Hitler, Mussolini, and King Boris of Bulgaria. As head of the Free Bulgarian Committee he roamed Europe and America, trying in vain to convince the democracies that the capitulation to Fascism and Nazism would be disastrous. In his own country there were five killings a day in the streets of Sofia. And the friendship between Bulgaria and Yugoslavia which he prepared and which could have prevented Hitler from conquering Southern Europe was smashed when King Alexander of Yugoslavia was murdered. Kosta Todorov knew that Hitler, Horthy, Laval, and King Boris were the real murderers. But "the League sacrificed the just claims of a small nation to its craven desire to appease the Italian dictator."

Bulgaria, too, had become one of Hitler's satellites. Mr. Todorov came to America, worked later in London, and lives now in Canada. He is the uncontested leader of the free Bulgarians. He believes that only a federation of all free Balkan people can prevent a Third World War.

Mr. Todorov's autobiography not only makes exciting reading but gives the reader a solid understanding of Balkan intrigues, and some excellent portraits of statesmen and Kings. He knew murderers and saints, Nazis and Communists, spies and honest soldiers. He believes in freedom, action, and—the peasants. "The peasants plant the seed in the autumn and gather the harvest only the following summer They are accustomed to wait for the harvest—and there shall be a harvest."

"Balkan Firebrand" is an inspiring book. And the personal story of Kosta Todorov, filled with gossip, intrigues and assassinations, is convincing proof that the fight for freedom in Europe is not an altogether quiet affair.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### The Theatre's Tapeworm

SIR: May I congratulate you on your publishing that wise and astringent piece of George Freedley's called "The Theatre Has Swallowed A Tapeworm." It has long been needed. All of those who are interested in the welfare of the theatre should have an opportunity of reading it. I trust that *The Reader's Digest* will take notice.

LEIGHTON ROLLINS.

New York, N. Y.

### Coffee and Longevity

SIR: Hendrik Willem Van Loon may not be unduly concerned about his health just now, but if he keeps on drinking his five cups of coffee each morning he may yet become a hypochondriac. Let him remember Alex Woollcott and Edgar Wallace, both of whom hastened their death by too much tea and coffee drinking.

(REV.) HARRY TAYLOR.

Portland, Oregon

### "So Little Time"

SIR: How many of the readers of John P. Marquand's "So Little Time," with its incident of a house party in Connecticut at which a poet, one Buchanan Greene, quotes from a poem: "The Cry of the Little People," know that about forty-five years ago Richard Le Gallienne wrote a noble poem (probably the best of his work in more than fifty years of writing) with the same title? I think that it was printed in *The New York Evening Post*.

WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

New York, N. Y.

### The More the Merrier

SIR: Congratulations! The Fraser Young cryptograms are an added interest to your splendid publication and have gained you two more readers that I know. Keep up the good work.

L. R. W. SHUMAN.

New York, N. Y.

### *SRL* Paper Stock

SIR: No, I don't care for the new *SRL* paper stock. If I'm going to pay five dollars for a distinguished publication I'd just as soon have it *look* distinguished. Please don't give up the old paper.

I've grown somewhat used to having houses built of second-grade stuff, and furniture that doesn't hold together, gadgets that won't work more than twice, combs that break if you drop them, and news type that smears if you look at it. These things I sadly excuse as being commercial rather than "literary." But when *The Saturday Review* comes knocking at my door dressed in a garb that is less-than-the-best, with a "Please, Madam, do you think I'll do this way?," do you wonder that my answer is an emphatic *no*.

As you were, please, as soon as possible.

LELA ALLRED.

SIR: This reader's reaction to the change in paper is full approval.

I never did like India-tint and I begin to hope that war restrictions may not be entirely disastrous.

As a matter of fact—and this will probably be No. 6,279 of similar expressions—you could print on wrapping paper or the wrong side of blotting, not to mention wall paper and one more obvious variant, and we would still wait patient—as we often do for a week or two out here—for your lively contribution to literacy.

WILL RANSOM.

Norman, Okla.

### Belle Idée

SIR:—I know of no other court to which to appeal, but hope that the complaint lodged with you may reach the eyes of those for whom it is intended. I submit that books are written and published to be sold. I buy 'em and read 'em and love 'em—some of 'em. But I abominate the custom which many writers have of filling the pages of a book published in English, with whole paragraphs—and almost pages—of French. I would hazard the guess that not ten per cent of the buyers of books in America read French with any degree of facility. My French dictionary lies at my elbow on my library table alongside my Funk & Wagnalls, and with its aid and the little smattering of French which I have, I can manage a sentence, but the extended passages are waste paper to me.

To illustrate with a book which has been discussed in your columns lately: "The Fifth Seal" was doubtless written in Russian; why does part of it have to be translated into French in an English publication? Or if Mr. Aldanov wrote the passages in French, why could not they have been translated into English as was done with the Russian? In the trial of Alvera for murder, all of the proceedings, the testimony, and the speeches were actually French, but what earthly reason is there, in a book translated into English, for having parts of the attorney Carisier's address to the jury in English and part in French? I submit that the buyer and reader of the book is being given nothing for something.

If the Book-of-the-Month Club would take a poll of its members, I feel sure that the vast majority would join in support of my contention.

L. D. DIX.

Mobile, Alabama.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# TRADE Winds

**ELLIOT PAUL'S** rich and heartwarming recreation of a lost city that millions of Americans had loved, "The Last Time I Saw Paris," was first published on April 20, 1942. The Random House edition sold over 70,000 copies, the Literary Guild edition a hundred thousand more. The book was advertised in the country's leading newspapers and magazines, topped best-seller lists for weeks, was sold to pictures, eventually appeared in an inexpensive reprint a year after publication. . . . I cite these facts because that prize throwback to the days of bluenosed intolerance, the Watch and Ward Society, has just ordained that "The Last Time I Saw Paris" is injurious to the morals of the fair city of Boston. . . . The Watch and Ward Society has no legal right to suppress a book, but Boston booksellers, tied to the Society by an underground link that has frequently been hinted at, but never proved, promptly remove from sale any book that has been frowned upon by the unnamed elders who constitute its governing board.

Many years ago, the ban of a book by the Watch and Ward Society was front-page news all over the country. Publishers rushed new editions to press, confident that the demand, particularly in towns bordering on Boston, would treble overnight. One bookstore in Atlantic City kept a permanent window display with a huge poster reading "These books were banned in Boston!" Gradually, however, the novelty of these irresponsible didos wore off, and people in quest of pornography realized sadly that snoopers who are hell-bent on unearthing smut can find it in a third-grade Sunday school reader. Today, the only people who pay the slighest attention to a Watch and Ward edict are the seemingly helpless citizens of Boston.

*The Boston Herald* professes to be a great and loyal friend of the book business. Every autumn it stages an impressive Fair intended to stimulate interest in books in the entire New England area. It seems to "Trade Winds" that this year *The Herald* would be making a much more valuable contribution to literature and the forces of democracy if it tracked down, exposed, and wiped out an extra-legal group of men who have terrorized Boston merchants into obeying its every whim, and proclaimed in effect that Boston people are too dirty-minded to be allowed to read books that are circulated freely everywhere else in the United States. Exactly who and what *is* the Watch and Ward Society? Where does it get its power? There is something ironic in our carrying the torch of freedom to the far corners of the earth when groups of this description are allowed to go on unchallenged at the very scene of the Boston Tea Party! From the irresponsible suppression of books to the suspension of free speech and worship is no very great step. If Boston allows the Watch and Ward Society to develop logically and unchecked, returning soldiers from Guadalcanal and Sicily may yet be treated to the spectacle of "witches" being ducked in the placid pond just a few steps from the old offices of the Atlantic Monthly Press. . . .

***VARIETY*** estimates that Hollywood, during the past year alone, has paid out over four and a quarter million dollars for screen rights to approximately one hundred published books! Some of the more staggering figures include a percentage deal on Rickenbacker's "Seven Came Back" that is expected to net a cool half million, $300,000 for Steinbeck's "The Moon Is Down," $200,000 for "Claudia," $175,000 for "Saratoga Trunk," $150,000 for "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," $100,000 for "The Seventh Cross," $100,000 for "Mission to Moscow," and $80,000 for "The Robe." Comparable sums were put on the line for "The Keys of the Kingdom," "Song of Bernadette," "The Story of Doctor Wassell," "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," "None But the Lonely Heart," "One World," and "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay." *Variety*, which has its own way of phrasing things, headlines its story "Authors Ride Gravy Train." . . . Major studios register new titles for contemplated productions with the Hays Office, which promptly reports any conflicts with previous registrations. The Fox organization recently announced a picture based on the life of President Wilson, titled, with unusual simplicity, "Woodrow Wilson." The Hays office dutifully reported that it had on file one title that might conflict. It was Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson"! . . . Tobacco Road, pictured by Erskine Caldwell as an unproductive region where one turnip equals a Sunday banquet, is now a land of plenty, flanked by rows of beans two miles long! The road has become part of Georgia's Camp Gordon, and has been transformed into garden land by soldiers convalescing at the Army hospital there. . . .

**THE SUBJECT** of hanging geese is closed once and for all by a cryptic note from Richard Rodgers which reads, "Since the days of 'So Long Letty,' Larry Hart and I have known that 'the goose hangs high' applies to Charlotte Greenwood," and authoritative word from Joseph A. Giddings of South Dakota State College, agreeing with the majority that the word "hangs" probably derives from "honks." "Now let me ask one," he adds. "What is the meaning of 'sixty' in the expression 'to go or drive like sixty'? All of my students, born in the age of the automobile and airplane, are sure it means 'sixty miles an hour,' but I heard it frequently applied to horses in my boyhood when nothing went sixty miles an hour but fast trains." . . . Is there a word doctor in the house? . . . If this sort of thing goes much further, "Trade Winds," a superficial fellow at best, is going to dump the whole correspondence right in Bill Benét's lap. . . . Bill has one resource that I lack: he can always write another letter to Tom Lamont. . . .

**ONE OF MANY** amusing scenes in the new picture, "Heaven Can Wait", takes place at the old Brentano shop at Fifth Avenue and 27th Street. There's a perfect replica of the old entrance, but my memories of the premises include nothing that looked remotely like Gene Tierney—just the buyer, Joe Margolies, trying to chisel an extra two per cent discount. . . . A little hard-boiled cutting would have made the picture better; after about twelve reels that famous "Lubitsch touch" is likely to make you black and blue. . . . A recent issue of the *New Masses* chewed Clifton Fadiman into tiny pieces for three full pages. The cause for the diatribe, obscure at the outset, proved to be twofold. Kip ignored Earl Browder's "Victory—and After" entirely. (Can't you pic-



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"See, my pen holds more than yours."

ture how *New Yorker* readers must have been pining for a review of it?). Worse still, he failed to realize that Ruth McKenney's "Jake Home" was an immortal classic. The very next week Fadiman turned in an essay on Marquand's "So Little Time" that was a better piece of literary criticism than the *New Masses* has run in the past ten years. . . . John Woodburn, of Harcourt, Brace, writes

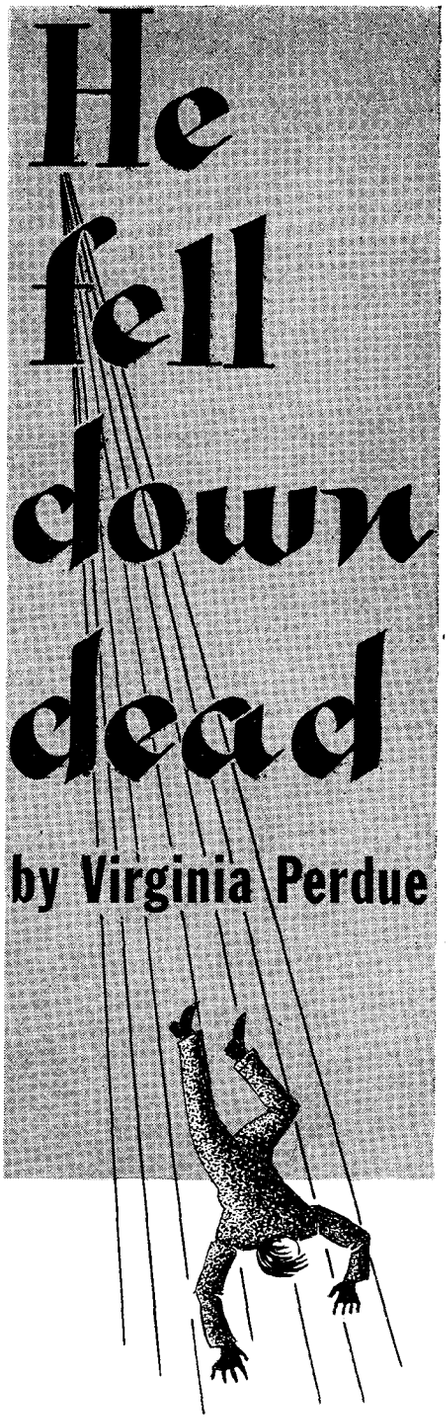
> "One day, not too long ago, while wandering lonely as a cloud along East Ninth Street—far East—I read the following, neatly printed on a warehouse wall among various intimations of immorality concerning the local younger set:
> 'The sky is pink.
> The Giants stink,
> Deep in the heart of the
> Bronx. . . .'"
>
> I have seldom seen this equalled for color, forthrightness, and emotion. I like it very much.

Don't give up on the Giants at this exciting stage of the pennant race, John. When any of the other clubs are ready to release superannuated has-beens the Giants will be right there to sign them up. . . .

**A HE-MAN BOOKSELLER FRIEND** spent his vacation on a canoe trip in the Maine wilds. Shooting a series of rapids, he expressed concern at the growing fury of the swirling water, and the jagged rocks on every side. "Don't worry for a minute," the guide reassured him. "I know every rock in these rapids." Just then the canoe smacked into one of the rocks head-on, and capsized. The bookman found himself floundering in the current, his equipment scattered in every direction. "You see," said the guide, trying to salvage his paddle, "there's one of the damn things now!" . . . That story reminds me of the guide who was showing some American tourists through Oxford. "I'd like to see Jowett's study," said one of them: "You know, the fellow who translated Plato." "Easiest thing in the world," said the guide, and led his party to a cloistered square nearby. "That open window on the second floor, my friends, is Mr. Jowett's diggings. I say, would you like to see the Professor himself?" The Americans assured him that they would like nothing better. The guide thereupon picked up a sizeable rock and hurled it with deadly accuracy through Jowett's open window. A moment later a face purple with rage appeared in the aperture. "Ah, hah!" said the guide triumphantly, "There's the old boy himself!,,

BENNETT CERF.

Bruce Rogers is at work on a broadside reprinting one of the famous documents of American history, "The Oath of a Free-Man," the first piece of printing ever done in the territory now the United States, at Cambridge in 1639. These broadsides will be distributed by *The Publishers' Weekly*. "The Oath," designed for use in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, ends with this noble paragraph: "I doe solemnly bind my self in the sight of God, that when I shall be called upon to give my voyce touching any such matter of this State, in which Freemen are to deal, I will give my vote and suffrage as I shall judge in mine own conscience may best conduce and tend to publike weal of the body, without respect of persons, or favour of any man."


"A CAREFULLY BUILT UP horror story in which a very wide-eyed bride named Tawney discovers, after a series of shocking incidents, just why everyone has it in for her husband."—THE NEW YORKER

*At your bookseller's* • $2.00

*September* **CRIME CLUB** *Selection*




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Story of a Powder Keg

*A HISTORY OF POLAND. By O. Halecki. New York: Roy Publishers.* 1943. 336 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by MAX NOMAD

CONDENSING one thousand years of a country's history within three hundred pages is not an easy task by any means. Particularly if that history is a continuous record of foreign wars, changing dynasties, religious dissensions, national insurrections, and social conflicts. And the task becomes all the more difficult if the author has to deal with the history of his own nation, especially if that nation's pride has been cruelly hurt by brutal neighbors.

It is not astonishing therefore that in his "History of Poland" Mr. O. Halecki, though "one of Poland's most distinguished historians," was unable to rise "above the battle." All through the book we see him under the spell of his country's romantic past which stands and falls with the glorification of its proud nobility—the only class that ever had any say in the shaping of Poland's destinies.

This bias appears from the very start. The author rejects the theory that foreign conquest lay at the foundation of the Polish state — even though he accepts that theory for the Russian principalities which, as is well known, were established by Norse invaders. Yet there is every indication that the same thing happened in Poland—except that it was not the fabulous Norsemen, but the somewhat less romantic German barbarians who were to become the ancestors of Poland's proud nobility.

There is a familiar ring in what the author says about the motives that determined his country's and her neighbor's policies. Of Poland's first historical king who accepted, and imposed, Christianity upon his subjects, in 966, we read that he did it in order to forestall invasions by the Germans "under the pretext of Christian propaganda," and in order to secure the protection of the Church against the *Lebensraum* hunger of Goering's forebears.

The author is less severe in his judgment of Poland's rulers who were just as much interested in *Lebensraum* and who achieved glory by conquering vast Slavic territories covering all of Germany east of what is now Berlin, all of Bohemia (Czechoslovakia), the Ukraine, and a good part of Russia.

Mr. Halecki speaks of the "democratic" (he does not use quotation marks) character of old Poland's political institutions on the ground that "every man of noble birth had the right to take a personal share in the election [of the king] and even to be elected himself."

There are more passages of this kind bearing testimony to the author's peculiar gift for involuntary humor. After the invasions and insurrections of the seventeenth century King John Casimir, the author says, "made a double vow." The first part of it consisted in a solemn proclamation "that the Blessed Virgin should henceforth be venerated as 'Queen of the Crown of Poland.'" The Polish nation, Mr. Halecki adds, "was never to be false to that promise." The second part of the vow was a solemn oath of the King "that when once his native land was freed, the peasant population should in its turn be liberated from the serfdom by which it was oppressed." After a lengthy paragraph

O. Halecki

in which the Polish peasants are commended because they "never reacted by revolt so frequent in other countries," he admits that, "in spite of all this, this second promise of John Casimir's was unfortunately not respected." No less naive is the author's explanation of the causes of Poland's partitions and of her final disappearance as an independent country by the latter part of the eighteenth century.

The last third of the book is concerned with Poland's history since she lost her independence in 1795. That section contains much useful information.

### FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 12

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 12 will be found in the next issue.*

EP MAP MVEMLG SHBWN GHXPFOBWN UHA YHGFPABFL, KIF B EHIVS UMBW GPP YHGFPABFL SH GHXPFOBWN UHA IG.

CHGPYO MSSBGHW—
"FOP GYPTFMFHA"

***Answer to Literary Crypt No. 11***

EVERY GREAT MAN NOWADAYS HAS HIS DISCIPLES, AND IT IS ALWAYS JUDAS WHO WRITES THE BIOGRAPHY.

OSCAR WILDE—
"THE CRITIC AS ARTIST"


37

READERS OF THE *Saturday Review* OF LITERATURE

will fill out this coupon, ordering a copy of

**HARRY RUBY'S**

irreverent new song book

**SONGS MY MOTHER NEVER SANG**

**Anyhow, that's the guess of the president of Random House, who has been wrong before. Here's the coupon. How about it?**

**RANDOM HOUSE**
20 E. 57 St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

I enclose check for $2.50. Please send me a copy of Harry Ruby's SONGS MY MOTHER NEVER SANG.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY & STATE .....

SRL

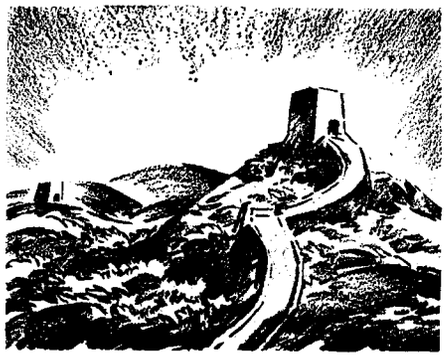



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Poetry of Margaret Walker

*FOR MY PEOPLE. By Margaret Walker. Foreword by Stephen Vincent Benét. New Haven: The Yale University Press.* 1943. 58 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE ZABRISKIE



MARGARET WALKER gives us, in her first volume of verse, some very vital and excellent work. "For My People" begins with a section of free verse which successfully embodies the prose rhythm of the evangelists and professional "exhorters" of the South in a poetic medium. The content has nothing in common with the tentpitching gospel preachers who still run their circuits in the Bible Belt, for Miss Walker has most ingeniously reworked their particular rhetoric not in the usual manner of rehashing a tradition, but in the valid one of creating something from a tradition: giving it a rebirth of form and meaning. Simply and directly, she speaks for the Negro, North and South,

> For the cramped bewildered years we went to school to learn to know the reasons why and the answers to and the people who and the places where and the days when, in memory of the bitter hours when we discovered we were black and poor and small and different and nobody cared and nobody wondered and nobody understood.

—It is her acceptance of difference, and her ability to put it in its proper place, without posing, without forcing a role of Negro poet in distinction to any other kind of poet which give her freshness of content, and the promise of becoming an important voice in American poetry. This first section shows rather well that she has comprehended and accepted her role as artist and artisan, and met the challenge of her specific situation in an adequate fashion.

The second section of the book, composed of ballads, is less fortunate. The ballads are, as academic artifacts, rather remarkable. They are part of the equipment of the technical virtuoso, proof that Miss Walker can write ballads as well as her own forms. But the writer who attempts the imitation of traditional, popular forms is perilously close to the writer who does an imitation of Shakespeare's sonnets. It is possible for the replica to be excellent, *qua* replica, but the division between artistic creation and the fashioning of reproductions is a rather classic one. On the basis of what might be described as mechanical ability, it may be fairly said that the second part of the book is as excellent as the first. In relation to Miss Walker's vigorous and rich creativity, however, it becomes an unimportant manifestation.

The six sonnets which conclude the volume are additional evidence of the writer's ability. Better than the ballads, they convey the strength of the first part of the volume. One wonders, considering her use of these three different forms, if Miss Walker is trying to demonstrate a facility with verse-forms, or is a bit unsure of herself. The latter ought not be true: she has written a distinguished first volume, which is at once a promise of things to come, and an achievement in itself.

# *Your Literary I. Q.*

**By Howard Collins**

ANOTHER PATCHWORK POEM

Miss Elizabeth Jackson, of the University of Minnesota, is the author of this week's quiz. The cento printed below consists of 20 lines from well-known poems. Can you match up each line with the poet who originally wrote it? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. You'll find the answers on page 20.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. I said, —— Then dearest, since 'tis so, | ( ) | Bates |
| 2. And the Spring comes slowly up this way, | ( ) | Browning |
| 3. About the woodlands I will go; | ( ) | Burns |
| 4. We are in love's land today. | ( ) | Coleridge |
| 5. Ring out the old, ring in the new! | ( ) | Davies |
| 6. Come live with me and be my Love! | ( ) | Dryden |
| 7. I shall not fail that rendezvous | ( ) | Gilbert |
| 8. Beside the springs of Dove. | ( ) | Herrick |
| 9. Whenas in silks my Julia goes | ( ) | Housman |
| 10. At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time, | ( ) | Kilmer |
| 11. O my luve's like a red, red rose, | ( ) | Marlowe |
| 12. My object all sublime. | ( ) | Marvell |
| 13. What is this life if, full of care, | ( ) | Masefield |
| 14. Men triumph over women still? | ( ) | Milton |
| 15. None but the brave deserves the fair, | ( ) | Noyes |
| 16. And I laid me down with a will. | ( ) | Seeger |
| 17. But at my back I always hear | ( ) | Stevenson |
| 18. A poem lovely as a tree | ( ) | Swinburne |
| 19. Til civil-suited Morn appear | ( ) | Wordsworth |
| 20. From sea to shining sea. | ( ) | Tennyson |


**HAVE YOU DISCOVERED**

# Kierkegaard?

Of course you know his name, but have you read him? Soren Kierkegaard has been soberly compared to Socrates, Pascal, Nietzsche, Tolstoy, Augustine, Freud, Tertullian, and William James (to give only part of the list).

**TIME MAGAZINE:** "Had this philosopher and mystic not written in a minor language, his fame would have resounded with that of Carlyle, Nietzsche, and Dostoevski."

**MIGUEL UNAMUNO:** "I learned the language in order to read Ibsen and was rewarded by reading Kierkegaard."

**REINHOLD NIEBUHR:** "The profoundest interpreter of the psychology of the religious life, in my opinion, since St. Augustine."

**COMMONWEAL:** "The greatest Protestant Christian of the nineteenth century, a man equal in spiritual stature to Cardinal Newman."

**CHRISTIAN CENTURY:** "Kierkegaard has inspired all those philosophers and theologians of the recent past who have concerned themselves with the doctrine of man."

These are the ten Princeton Kierkegaard publications:

*PHILOSOPHICAL FRAGMENTS, translated by David F. Swenson. (Published for American-Scandinavian Foundation).* $2.00

*STAGES ON LIFE'S WAY, translated by Walter Lowrie.* $6.00

*CONCLUDING UNSCIENTIFIC POSTSCRIPT, translated by David F. Swenson and Walter Lowrie. (Published for American-Scandinavian Foundation).* $6.00

*THE SICKNESS UNTO DEATH, translated by Walter Lowrie.* $2.75

*REPETITION, translated by Walter Lowrie (with a bibliographical essay, "How Kierkegaard Got into English").* $2.75

*FEAR AND TREMBLING, translated by Walter Lowrie.* $2.75

*EITHER/OR, translated by David F. Swenson, Lillian M. Swenson, and Walter Lowrie. 2 vols. (Publication late fall 1943).* $7.50

*THE CONCEPT OF DREAD, translated by Walter Lowrie. (Publication spring 1944).*

*THE ATTACK ON "CHRISTENDOM," translated by Walter Lowrie. (Publication spring 1944).*

*A SHORT LIFE OF KIERKEGAARD, by Walter Lowrie.* $2.75

*Order from your bookseller or from*

**THE PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS**
***Princeton, New Jersey***




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The "Human Side" of the War

*BLOOD FOR THE EMPEROR: A Narrative History of the Human Side of the War in the Pacific. By Walter B. Clausen. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co.* 1943. 341 *pp., index.* $3.

Reviewed by FREDERICK GRUIN

AS a veteran San Francisco and Los Angeles newspaper man, as a reporter who covered the Pacific Fleet since 1925, as Associated Press bureau chief at Honolulu since December, 1941, Walter B. Clausen brings impressive professional background to this study of "the human side" of World War II's Pacific conflict. But he has turned out a book that is unimpressive and curiously amateurish.

Mr. Clausen finds it all very simple and presents his thesis in the best journalistic clichés. The Japanese are "little brown men" who "for generation after generation have lived and thought and died to the accompaniment of the samurai song of conquest." ("Blood for the Emperor!" is the song's refrain.) The Pacific War is an "amazing clash between races," between "liberty-loving peoples" and "the living hordes of what most civilized inhabitants of the earth thought a legendary past." We Americans must now stop "the Juggernaut of the hordes of the Sun Goddess." We will succeed, in the sea-dog words of Admiral Halsey, only if we "Kill Japs! Kill Japs! Kill more Japs!"

Perhaps Mr. Clausen did not intend to dig more deeply into causes and effects. His main concern is to record—or, rather, to re-record—some of the Pacific war's "thrilling stories of valor in the words of the fighting men themselves." If it happens that most of the stories were A.P. reports, plus official Navy accounts, who will quibble? Future anthologies may collect the best work of other press services, of the newspapers and magazines whose correspondents were also on the scene of activity.

Most of the stories quoted by Mr. Clausen are as good reading now as when they appeared in the daily press. With unforgettable yet often understated strokes, American fighting men paint the canvas of action from the Coral Sea to the last big night mêlée off the Solomon Islands. Mr. Clausen recalls Ensign George Gay's astonishing "fish-eye view" of the great Battle of Midway—the view this Navy airman enjoyed after his torpedo plane was shot down and he floated in the sea and watched burning enemy ships go by. Nor does Mr. Clausen fail to remember Lieut. Commander Thomas Klakring, who sailed his submarine close enough to a Japanese shore to see "the pony races"; or Lieut. Elbert McCuskey, the Navy ace dubbed "Go Get 'Em," who got five Japanese planes at Midway; or Vern Haugland, the young A.P. correspondent who bailed from an Army plane over New Guinea's terrifying jungle and came out after an ordeal of forty-three days.

Mr. Clausen is sure that time is on the Japanese side, that the American fighting man's skill and courage need to be buttressed by the realization that the Pacific is no "secondary front." Rather, it is "a racial war of greater significance than any the world has heretofore seen, and the conflagration in Europe was merely an opportunity for it to break out in its full fury."

Mr. Clausen's familiar warning seems dated by the Quebec Conference and Allied insistence that the struggle against Japan is not secondary. While there can be no argument that Japan is an international opportunist, the fight against her can hardly be called "racial." The Chinese, after all, are on the Allied side. By and large, "Blood for the Emperor" is most satisfying when it lets the fighting men speak for themselves.

## ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Browning: "The Last Ride Together."
2. Coleridge: "Christabel."
3. Housman: "Loveliest of Trees."
4. Swinburne: "Love at Sea."
5. Tennyson: "In Memoriam."
6. Marlowe: "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love."
7. Seeger: "I Have a Rendezvous with Death."
8. Wordsworth: "She Dwelt among the Untrodden Ways."
9. Herrick: "Upon Julia's Clothes."
10. Noyes: "The Barrel Organ."
11. Burns: "A Red Red Rose."
12. Gilbert: "The Mikado."
13. Davies: "Leisure."
14. Masefield: "C. L. M."
15. Dryden: "Alexander's Feast."
16. Stevenson: "Requiem."
17. Marvell: "To His Coy Mistress."
18. Kilmer: "Trees."
19. Milton: "Il Penseroso."
20. Bates: "America the Beautiful."

# The Criminal Record

**The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction**

| *Title and Author* | *Crime, Place, and Sleuth* | *Summing Up* | *Verdict* |
|---|---|---|---|
| DEATH AT 7.10<br>*H. F. S. Moore*<br>(Crime Club: $2.) | Reno-bound wife dies of poison on train. Detective-minded fellow passenger follows lurid trail to explosive finish. | Plentiful color and well-tangled plot—but sleuth's flashback method has dubious points. | Middlin' |
| IT FELL DOWN DEAD<br>*Virginia Purdue*<br>(Crime Club: $2.) | Young Cal. wife finds out about her quack doctor husband's evil past—which winds up in murder. | No great mystery here, but suspense by the jugful and one of the slickest and most plausible villains in moons. | Very good |
| TOO MANY BONES<br>*Ruth Sawtell Wallis*<br>Dodd, Mead: $2.) | Murder of domineering woman who runs mid-Western museum solved by professor and young girl assistant. | Very spooky job! Good dialogue, considerable amount of interesting anthropological dope, quick action, and surprise windup. | First-class |



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## WHAT IS A ROMANTIC LIFE?

(*Continued from page 6*)

for calm and serenity that we find in the men of the classical period. What confirms me in this belief is the repeated experience of finding an astute biographer who, having closely studied a particular romanticist, finds his character other than he expected, and so diverts or dilutes the name "romantic" in that one instance while continuing to make use of its vulgar meaning at large.

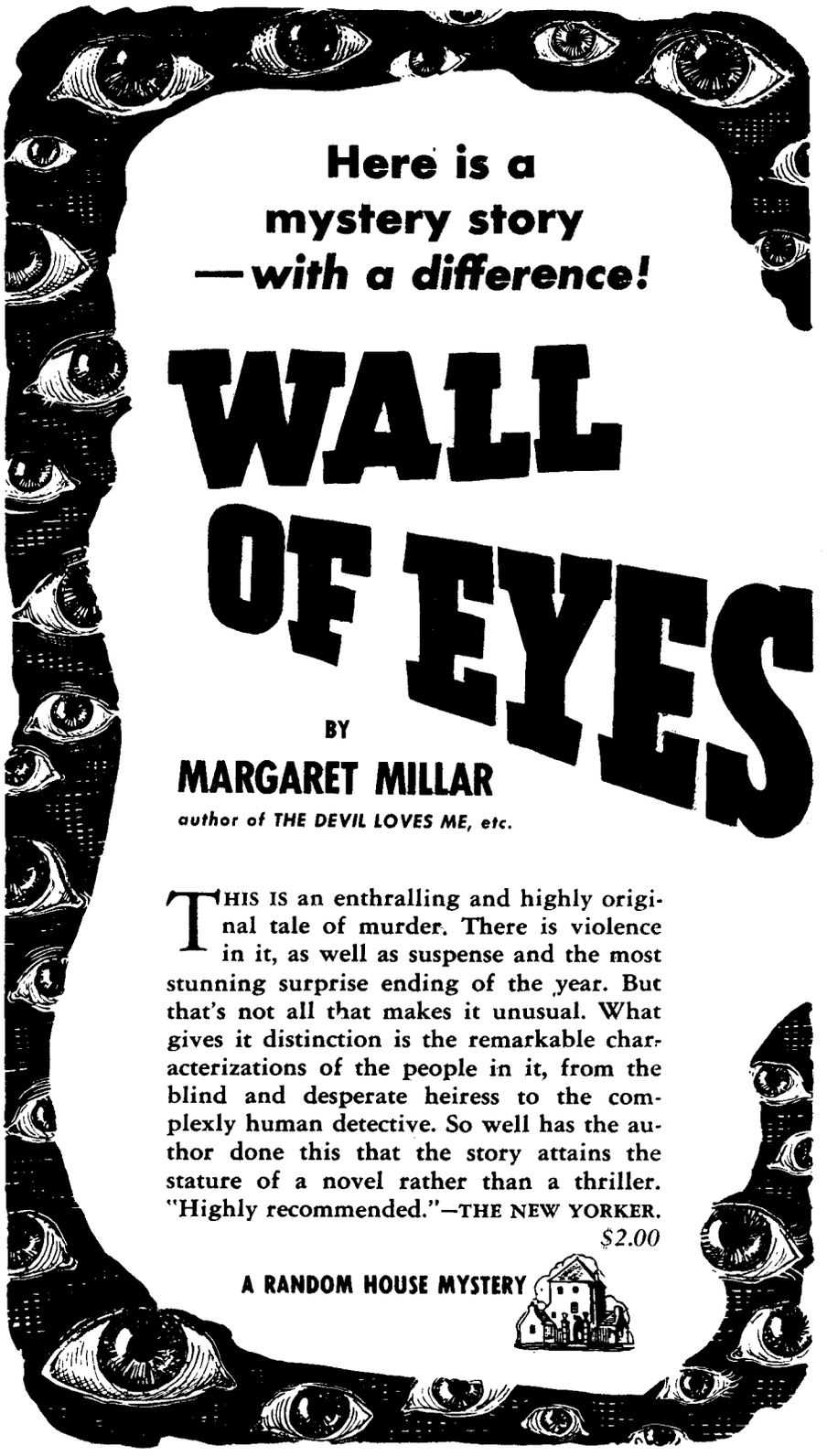
The significant fact here is the insistence of the writer on the discrepancy between the factual evidence and the usual opinion. Unable to reconcile these two as regards the particular romantic case, and wishing to correct public ignorance, the critical biographer simply whittles away the name "romantic" by an ever-increasing series of exceptions.

This means either that we have no comparative standards or that we do not apply them justly. If we kept in mind the disordered lives of classical specimens such as Cardinal de Retz, Richard Savage, John Wilkes, or Voltaire; if we lingered over the love affairs of Racine, and cared as much about Descartes's mistress and illegitimate daughter as we do about Wordsworth's; if we had more vividly before us the falsifications of Pope; if we recalled Johnson's rowdiness or his bursts of weeping at the reading of his own poetry, we should perhaps form a more balanced conception of what human beings are like under comparable circumstances, and we should cease to find monstrous or titillating the lives that the romantic artists led.

We could make these necessary inferences and correct our own "romantic" folly, if we only remembered that in all these cases, classical as well as romantic, it is only on account of extraordinary achievements that the details of the life have been preserved. And by studying the art independently we could discover its solidity, order, reasonableness, and so work back to the character of its maker. Mr. Julian Green is a modern who can do this. He notes in his diary: "I read once more, with the utmost delight, Rousseau's 'Confessions.' That admirable style can express anything it wishes by the use of the most ordinary words. . . . I know of no other example of an elegance of style that is so free from artificiality and pose; but what efforts that simplicity must have involved!"

Lastly, we could learn to mistrust the lay figure of biography whom we keep hidden in our mind's closet, possibly as an image of ourselves—the man who has never been crossed in love, never angry, nor poor, nor dejected, nor ridiculous, nor passionate—the man who is pure wax through and through and beside whom any living creature must seem unbalanced indeed. In the absence of fixed standards, we can at least do what Dunning recommended when General McClellan's reputation suffered a blow from the publication of his love letters to his bride: wait until the appearance of other generals' love letters. In other words, judge generals as military men, and romantics as artists, *first*.

[*The foregoing article is extracted, with a few omissions and alterations, from Mr. Barzun's forthcoming study,* Romanticism and the Modern Ego, *to be published by Atlantic-Little Brown.*]



Here is a mystery story —with a difference!
WALL OF EYES
BY
MARGARET MILLAR
author of THE DEVIL LOVES ME, etc.
THIS IS an enthralling and highly original tale of murder. There is violence in it, as well as suspense and the most stunning surprise ending of the year. But that's not all that makes it unusual. What gives it distinction is the remarkable characterizations of the people in it, from the blind and desperate heiress to the complexly human detective. So well has the author done this that the story attains the stature of a novel rather than a thriller. "Highly recommended."—THE NEW YORKER.
$2.00
A RANDOM HOUSE MYSTERY




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## PERSONALS

*ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.*

**"GREEN SHADOWS,"** Lyme, Connecticut. Delightful, informal New England rooms, cottages.

**AS YOU ARE,** so you write. Detailed handwriting analysis, $1.00. Elsie Briggs, Box 400-G.

**HOW CAN I FIND OUT?** Information discreetly developed; any matter, person, problem; anywhere. International facilities. Established 1922. William Herman, 170 Broadway, New York.

**NEW YORK BOUND?** No sound of Juggernaut nor flickering electric day to trouble your slumber at this hostelry. Literary people will appreciate the quiet, pleasant, and convenient location of the Hotel Standish Hall in New York City. It is just off Central Park West, and it faces the Hayden Planetarium and the American Museum of Natural History. Direct transportation to the New York Public Library. The Metropolitan Museum of Art is just across the Park. Flexible accommodations. One room, $72.50 per month, for a year. Two rooms, $100 per month. Furnished suites —parlor, bedroom, bath, and pantry or kitchenettes—from $125 to $150 a month. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery in New York. But there is a spacious dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing to Mr. H. W. McGaffey, resident manager, for reservation. Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81 St., New York City.

**POETESS:** Nationally known artist will illustrate, exhibit poems in libraries, museums throughout U. S. in exchange for part-time secretarial services. Send poems, personal brief, photo. Box 648-H.

**CAPABLE WOMAN** executive with administrative, public relations and secretarial experience in literary field desires change of scenery and position. Greatest asset: understanding and interest in people. West Coast preferred. Box 650-H.

**BRILLIANT YOUNG** abstract artist desires patron. Box 651-H.

**NEWARK GOVERNMENT WORKER,** amateur violinist, would rent room in congenial home. Box 652-H.

**HANDWRITE PROBLEM,** question, birthday, dollar to Psycho-Graphologist. Box 653-H.

**GAY YOUNG SOCIOLOGIST,** personality interested, seeks masculine correspondent. Box 654-H.

**GENTLEMAN IN FEDERAL SERVICE** feeling lonesome in metropolis welcomes feminine correspondence. Box 655-H.

**FLUENT, PERFECTLY PRONOUNCED** French, Russian and German and advanced bridge taught by gentleman—Columbus 5-7366 after 6:00 evenings.

**CONGENIAL COLLEGE WOMAN** desires sunny furnished room, kitchenette, bath, in New York City or share apartment with private bedroom. Possibly in exchange for light duties. No children. Box 656-H.

## PERSONALS

**YOUNG MAN SENTENCED** for minor misdemeanour, without funds, rehabilitating, reconditioning himself, interested in Religion, Psychology, Sociology, would be grateful for literature. Box 657-H.

**AMATEUR FIDDLER-SONGWRITER** will convoy dog, launder windows, landscape kitchen, listen about your operation, anything. Cash or piano-arrangements for my (so-called) songs. Box 658-H.

**WOULD ELEGANT,** exotic creature communicate with Proust's pal? Box 659-H.

**FEMME,** bibliophilic, ex-T.B., seeks similar correspondent. Box 660-H.

**FINE STEINWAY "B"** for rent $65 monthly. Want good home for it, preferably with musician. Call RE. 7-3258.

**PROGRAM BOOK REVIEWS** and author facts. Box 661-H.

**HANDWRITING ANALYSIS** by expert. Enclose $1.00. Box 662-H.

**TEACHER**-collaborate cartoonist educational articles. Box 663-H.

**COUNTRY HOME FOR RENT,** 7 rooms, 2 baths. Interesting grounds, Hudson River setting; writer's former home; swimming pool, winter ice skating. Near village; 50 minutes commuting. Furnished optional. Phone Croton-on-Hudson 3553, or MUrray Hill 2-4217.

**WOMEN, IF YOU LIKE BOOKS,** here is your opportunity to qualify for a career in books. The work is pleasant. Your contacts with readers are most interesting. Advancement to management is likely, to those who are interested. Apply, Womraths, 203 East 18 Street, New York City.

### *World of Ideas in SRL*

*"The values of civilization and human life,—values we are at war to preserve, —rest upon thought, understanding, sympathy, and cultural ideas. In the stress of war efforts, those values must suffer but they cannot be ignored. We cannot dispense, either in winning the war or in making the peace, with the world of ideas. This world still reaches us primarily through books and discussion of books. Hence it is even more important now than in normal times that good literary periodicals be read and supported. I know of no such periodical in America more stimulating than The Saturday Review of Literature."*

ALAN VALENTINE, President,
University of Rochester

## CLASSIFIED

*ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.*

### BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Bookplates. Yellow Springs, Ohio.

## CLASSIFIED

### FIRST EDITIONS

GOOD BOOKS, RARE BOOKS. Fine Prints. Flowers, birds, fashion. Old playbills. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

### FRENCH

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogues. 20c.

### BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th St., N. Y.

### LITERARY SERVICES

LITERARY AGENT FOR 24 YEARS—We sell books, short stories, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts. Editing, revision, criticism, typing, ghost writing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write for information regarding our resultful service. ANITA DIAMANT, WRITERS WORKSHOP, INC., 280 Madison at 40 St., New York.

ALICE WAINWRIGHT—LITERARY ADVISER. Ghost writing, manuscripts typed, shorthand. 108 E. 38th, New York, LE 2-6044.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, Literary Agent. Stories, novels, articles, books marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell. 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

DOROTHY MACKENZIE, Literary Agent, successor to Mathilde Weil. Manuscripts criticized and marketed. Send for circular. 535 Geary Street, San Francisco.

REVIEWS, ESSAYS, CLUB PAPERS, SPECIAL TREATISES, to requirements. Education, literary, economic, historical, investigations. Extensive experience. Charges reasonable. AUTHORS RESEARCH BUREAU, 516 Fifth Avenue, New York.

### BOOK BARGAINS

AT 60% DISCOUNT I'm closing out last few new copies of AMERICAN GIANT—Walt Whitman & His Times, Winwar (Biography. Harper. $3.50) $1.59; OPINIONS OF OLIVER ALLSTON, Van Wyck Brooks (Essays on contemporary literature. Dutton. $3.00) $1.59; UNEXPECTED YEARS, autobiography of Laurence Housman (Bobbs, $3.00) $1.39; ANNUAL OF BOOKMAKING, 1927-37. Record, samples American bookmaking past decade. (Colophon, $6.00) $2.98. PALMER, 31 East 27 St., N. Y. C.

### OUT-OF-PRINT

NEW AND SECOND HAND BOOKS in or out of print. IF IT'S A BOOK WE MAY HAVE IT. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann St., OLDEST OLD BOOK SHOP IN NEW YORK.

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND books searched for and quickly supplied at low prices. No charge or obligation for service. All subjects and in all languages. Genealogies, family and town histories. First editions supplied. Incomplete sets completed. Magazine back numbers supplied. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE. Dept. No. 300, 117 West 48th Street, New York, Telephone BRyant 9-5214.

### BOOKS FOR SALE

NICK CARTER, Frank Merriwell, Buffalo Bill, Liberty Boys 76; illustrated catalogue your boyhood favorites, free. Charles, 1525 W. 12th, Brooklyn 4, N. Y.

### BOOKS WANTED

WANTED—AMERICAN, ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN books, magazines on domestic pigeons. C. Naether, 4443 Woodman, Van Nuys, Calif.

### FILMS DEVELOPED

ANY 35 MM. FILM, 36 Exposure Roll Fine Grain Processed and Enlarged approx. 3 x 4 Glossy Paper **for only** $1.00. 8 Exposure rolls developed and enlarged approx. twice original size, 25c. Ask for free booklet. Minalabs, Inc., Dept. SRL 1, Box 485, Englewood, New Jersey.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

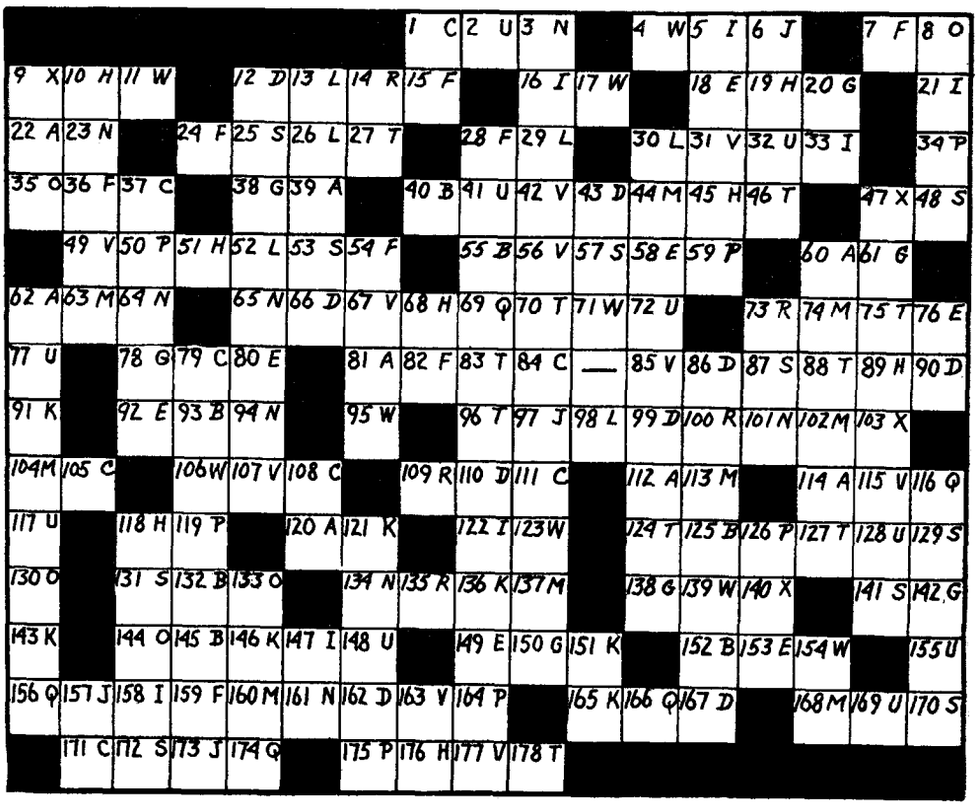
# The Crostics Club

THUS wrote Marshall Best of the Viking Press: "Tut-tut! (interjection of mild reproof) for the liberty you take with Morison's elegant title in the acrostic to No. 490. This is a distortion that you could hardly have allowed yourself consciously, even in the interest of your twenty-six-letter limitation, and I can only suppose that you somehow misread the title." Thus wrote Genevieve W. Tucker, Columbus, O.: "Tut-tut (interjection of mild reproof—comp.) to E. S. K. for changing the title of the biography she used in the current DC. Not that I blame her—I thought it was 'Admiral of the Open Sea,' too, the first time I heard the book spoken of." Thus wrote Mrs. Edward F. Buchner, Baltimore: "My knowledge was, incidentally, 'enlarged' by the current DC. I had thought Mr. Morison's title to be 'Admiral of the Ocean Sea.' I had trouble for a time with 'open.' Less knowledge wou'd have been helpful this time!" Thus wrote Florence Hitchcock, Philadelphia: "Liberties were taken in the title of book in recent DC—it is 'Admiral of the Ocean Sea,' not 'open sea.'" And no doubt others of you familiar with the title would have been justified in less kindly admonitions. Thus speaks E. S. K.: "The title of Morison's book I first heard in the radio announcement of the Pulitzer prize winners. I thought it was "Open Sea," a term familiar through its use in International Law, as the *ocean. Ocean Sea* I should have thought an error in my hearing. When I looked through the book for an appropriate quotation, apparently my mental impression registered as my vision did not, and I copied it *Open Sea*. Perhaps somewhere in the volume is an explanation of the—at least to me—seemingly redundant title. For the distress caused by my error, I do truly repent.

We add with pride to the list of celebrities doing DCs David Sayville Muzzey, Professor Emeritus of American History at Columbia, and Senior Leader of the New York Society for Ethical Culture. Dr. Muzzey sent me an excellent one of his own vintage.

In a spirit of service I waylaid Lieutenant Richard Warren Hatch of the Staff of the Naval Officers' Training Unit housed in our hotel, to offer him Paul Schubert's review of Commander Ageton's "Naval Officers Guide" in the issue of August 21. "Why," said he, "the *SRL* and I are old friends. I like the book reviews and my wife and I enjoy doing the puzzles together—only this job hasn't afforded time for puzzling." The revelation that the perpetrator stood before him was an amusing surprise, and later, with peculiar joy, I supplied him with a goodly number of back copies.

E. S. K.




# Double-Crostics: No. 494

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

**DIRECTIONS**

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

*When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).*

**The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 7 of this issue.**

**DEFINITIONS**

A. Obtrusive facetiousness.

B. Lace of coarse linen thread in geometrical pattern.

C. Inbreeding.

D. Bridged by a flat-bottom construction of metallic tubes, etc.

E. The non-legal portion of Rabbinical literature.

F. Exerting one's powers or faculties on.

G. A native race of India (in ancient Sanskrit literature).

H. Eighth President of the U. S.

I. Inferior.

J. A Sicilian centre taken by the Allies.

K. Put to death by drowning.

L. Child (Fr.)

M. To catch unprepared (2 wds.)

N. American poetess (1880-; Pulitzer award 1919).

O. Irregular and uneven as if worn away.

P. Egotistical.

Q. Author of "Jerusalem Delivered"—1581.

R. To expunge.

S. To be expended uselessly (3 wds.)

T. Inclined to novelties.

U. English novelist (1884-).

V. Everywhere; from beginning to end.

W. Sensory clearness.

X. The electric catfish.

**WORDS**

39 114 60 22 62 112 120 81

152 145 55 40 132 125 93

108 79 111 105 37 1 171 84

12 86 110 167 66 43 162 90 99

153 18 58 76 149 80 92

159 54 15 82 7 28 36 24

150 38 61 142 78 20 138

51 176 19 118 89 10 45 68

16 21 158 147 122 33 5

6 157 173 97

165 121 136 146 151 143 91

52 98 29 13 26 30

113 74 44 102 137 63 168 160 104

134 161 3 94 64 65 23 101

8 144 35 130 133

34 119 126 175 50 164 59

69 156 116 174 166

109 73 135 14 100

53 57 87 131 25 129 172 48 141 170

75 27 96 124 70 83 88 127 178 46

148 155 32 72 169 77 41 117 128 2

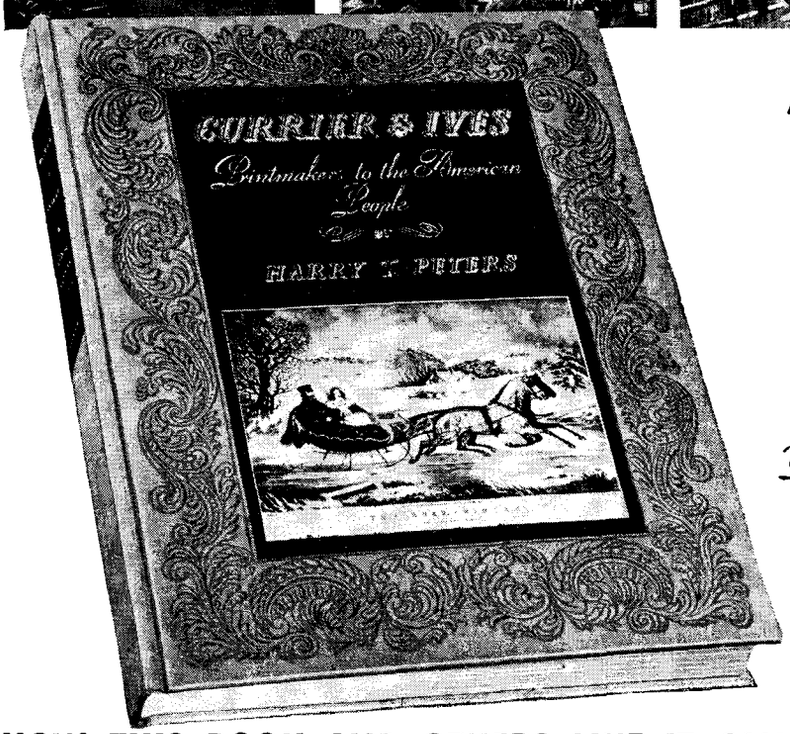
85 31 49 42 67 163 107 56 115 177

95 106 4 154 139 11 71 122 17

103 9 45 140



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




A **FREE** COPY...TO NEW MEMBERS
OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

# CURRIER & IVES

*Printmakers to the American People*

**Retail Price $5.00**

ALL THESE PRINTS APPEARED ORIGINALLY IN A LIMITED EDITION OF TWO VOLUMES AT $115.00 PER SET

## HOW THIS BOOK AND OTHERS LIKE IT CAN BE GIVEN TO CLUB MEMBERS

*In these prints can be found our social history between the years of 1835 and 1885 as it was unrolled in colored lithographs, which are now collectors' items.*

The notable prints which comprise this book were taken from what is perhaps the definitive collection of Currier and Ives... that of Mr. Harry T. Peters, whose collection is certainly the largest in existence. There are many full-page, four-color reproductions. The page size is 9 by 12 inches, which makes these prints suitable for framing if desired.

**What A Subscription Involves:** Over 500,000 families now belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. They do so in order to keep themselves from missing the new books they are really interested in.

As a member, you receive an advance publication report about the judges' choice—and reports about all other important coming books. If you decide you want the book-of-the-month, you let it come. If not you can specify some other book you want, or simply say: "Send me nothing."

For every two books-of-the-month you do buy, you receive one of the Club's book-dividends free. Last year the retail value of free books given to Club members was over $7,000,000—given, not sold! These book-dividends could be distributed free because so many subscribers ordinarily want the book-of-the-month that an enormous edition can be printed. The saving on this quantity-production enables the Club to buy the right to print *other fine* library volumes. These are then manufactured and distributed free among subscribers.

Your obligation is simple. You pay no yearly fee. You merely agree to buy no fewer than four books-of-the-month in any twelve-month period. Your subscription is not for one year, but as long as you decide; you can end it at any time after taking four books-of-the-month. You pay for the books as you get them—the regular retail price (frequently less) plus a small charge to cover postage and other mailing expenses. *Prices slightly higher in Canada.*

* * *

*Begin your subscription to the Book-of-the-Month Club with one of its selections pictured below. Surely, among them is one you have promised yourself to get and read. As a new member the Club will send you a free copy of* CURRIER & IVES *by Harry T. Peters shown above.*

## ALL BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTIONS

*Why keep on missing important books like these?*

**SO LITTLE TIME**
BY JOHN P. MARQUAND
$2.75

**WESTERN STAR**
BY STEPHEN VINCENT BENET
*and*
**U. S. FOREIGN POLICY**
BY WALTER LIPPMANN
*(double selection)*
COMBINED PRICE TO MEMBERS
$3.00

**PAUL REVERE:**
And The World He Lived In
BY ESTHER FORBES
(Awarded the Pulitzer Prize for History)
PRICE TO MEMBERS
$2.75

**THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO**
BY CAPTAIN TED W. LAWSON
*and*
**ORIGINS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION**
BY JOHN C. MILLER
*(double selection)*
COMBINED PRICE TO MEMBERS
$3.00

**ADMIRAL OF THE OCEAN SEA**
BY SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON
(Awarded the Pulitzer Prize for Biography)
$2.75

**OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY**
BY CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER AND EMILY KIMBROUGH
*and*
**WE TOOK TO THE WOODS**
BY LOUISE DICKINSON RICH
*(double selection)*
COMBINED PRICE TO MEMBERS
$3.00

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB A259
385 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member. I am to receive a free copy of CURRIER & IVES, and for every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club I am to receive, free, the current book-dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month a year from the Club, and I may cancel my subscription any time after purchasing four such books from the Club.

*Name*.....
Please Print Plainly

*Address*.....

*City*.....Postal District No. (if any).....*State*.....

Begin My Subscription With.....
(choose one of the selections shown at the left)

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Can.) Ltd.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED